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## THE SEAL ISLANDS OF BERING'S SEA.

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OF the difficulties which have lately presented themselves for solution with regard to two little-visited regions of the North American continent, that connected with what is usually—if unscientifically—termed the Seal-fisheries is certainly not the least important. We are at issue, as all the world knows, upon the question whether Bering's Sea is, or is not, to be a *mare clausum*, and all of us have become more or less interested in the subject. Many, whose geographical knowledge of that region is not of the soundest, have doubtless taken down their atlases and, after due consultation, closed them without finding themselves greatly enlightened, wondering still why America, whose present authority over the Seal islands is unquestioned, should be so persistent in her endeavours to exclude all strangers not only from their immediate, but even from their remote vicinity.

We must turn to the science of Zoology for an explanation. Of the value of sealskin as a fur none of us need to be informed; but the life-history of the animal which provides us with it is not so generally known. Some of us—dare I say some even of the sex most often decked with it?—are perhaps hardly aware that the common seal of our own shores is in this respect valueless. In lieu of the soft down of the fur-seal, this creature is provided with a coat of coarse stiff hair which would be utterly inapplicable to purposes of clothing. We may therefore roughly divide the seals into two groups—those without and those with fur. The former are known as Hair Seals, the latter as the Eared or Fur Seals, and it is with these latter that we have now to do.

The geographical distribution of the various species of fur-seal is at the present time of great interest. Long years ago these creatures inhabited the South Pacific and South Atlantic in great numbers. The Falklands, indeed, and other

islands off the coast of Patagonia swarmed with them. Anthony Pigafetta, the doughty comrade of Magellan in his celebrated voyage, frequently mentions in his journals the abundance of the *lupi marini*, and various rocks and islands were given the name of "Recife de lobos" and "Yslas de lobos marinos" by the great navigator. But all this is now ancient history. Here and there, perhaps, a skin or two is secured by whalers or others cruising in the southern oceans and brought to Cape Town or some port in Chile. For all practical purposes, however, these localities may be regarded as non-existent, and their inhabitants as extinct. Nine-tenths, if not more, of the sealskins which come into the European market are from the islands of Bering's Sea. Were they only necessities of life the Americans, it must be confessed, could make a very pretty "corner" in them. The operation would be greatly facilitated by the animals themselves, which, instead of being generally distributed over a large area, are confined not only to certain islands, but to certain circumscribed spots upon them.

Omitting Robben Island—a small reef off Saghalin from which a few skins only are obtained—the Seal Islands consist of two groups, the Komandorskis and the Prybilovs. The former—Bering and Copper Islands—are the westernmost links of the lonely Aleutian chain, and, though rented by the Americans, belong to Russia. The Prybilovs—St. Paul, St. George, and Otter Islands—lie well within Bering's Sea, and are the most valuable, being capable of exporting in good seasons as many as 100,000 pelts. These five islands then are the sole breeding-grounds of the North Pacific eared seal (*Callorhinus ursinus*). At various other places stray individuals may doubtless be found, but they are nowhere very numerous. Why so restricted a ground should be chosen it is difficult to explain. There are without doubt other localities where the conditions are identical, but habit, we know, has as much influence over the lower animals as ourselves, and hence it happens that the fur-seal year after year visits the island to which it is accustomed, never moving to fresh ground, and only very rarely to the other islands frequented by its kind.

Into the dreary wastes of Bering's Sea few vessels penetrate; few at least which are not concerned in the chase of the walrus, seal, or whale. Spring and autumn bring with them terrific gales, and in summer dense sea-fogs wrap everything in an impenetrable veil. The coast of the mainland is sometimes



clear, enabling the mariner to determine his position ; but this is rarely the case with the islands, and here the sense of hearing has to be called into play to avoid disaster. It is not for the surf, however, that the sailor listens, but for the sound of the seals on the "rookeries"—a dull, hoarse roar which in still weather is audible for some miles.

Notwithstanding difficulties of navigation, to say nothing of the risks of seizure by an American cruiser, a certain number of schooners, usually of small tonnage, fit out annually for these seas. Some are from the ports on the eastern shores of the Pacific, but others come from Japan. Most of them, it would be safe to say, sail under the British flag. Nominally they are in search of walrus, or perhaps the skins of the sea-otter, but in reality nine-tenths of them are seal poachers, hanging about so as to run close in to the islands during a fog, or even landing a crew on the rookery if the weather is especially favourable. But this latter is a risky proceeding. Each rookery is excellently guarded, and detection of the offenders is followed by a shower of Winchester bullets. No questions are asked. The poachers know well enough what to expect if they are unfortunate enough to be discovered, and they take their chance. While at Petropaulovsky in Kamschatka in the year 1882, I learnt that the crew of a schooner had suffered considerably in an encounter of this kind a short time previous to my arrival. Two men had been killed and eight wounded. One of the latter was landed at Petropaulovsky with no less than thirteen bullet-wounds, from which he nevertheless managed in some miraculous manner to recover. To compensate for these risks, and for the chances of the loss of their vessel—an occurrence by no means infrequent—it is evident that the owners of these craft must calculate upon obtaining a heavy return upon their outlay.

Before considering the poaching question, however, a knowledge of the history and habits of the creature is necessary. Zoology furnishes us with few objects for study so strange and so full of interest. We have in the fur-seal an animal which spends one half of the year entirely in the water, and the other half almost entirely on land ; which herds together in closely-packed crowds of innumerable individuals in a manner unknown in the case of any other mammal ; and, finally, which exhibits in its mode of life an organization and method almost as wonderful as that of the ant.

Mr. H. W. Elliott, in his 'Report on the Prybilov Group, or

Seal Islands of Alaska,' published in 1873, was the first to place a full and trustworthy account of the habits of this seal before the scientific world. The animal had been known for years. So far back as the end of the last century the Russian-American Fur Company had settlements upon the Aleutian islands and obtained numbers of its skins from the natives, but it was some time before the Prybilovskis were discovered by the sailor whose name they bear. Even at the time of his landing—in 1786—traces of former visitors were found. Long before, in 1741, the great navigator Bering, his crew decimated by scurvy and he himself dying from the same disease, reached the Komandorskis, the other group appropriated as a breeding-ground. But it was winter, and though the naturalist Steller, who accompanied him, made his notes of the huge Rhytina, or sea-cow, now extinct, which formed their food, and shot numerous sea-otters, he must have been brought very little, if at all, in contact with the sea-cat, as *Callorhinus* is termed by the natives.

The islands once discovered, it was not likely that their existence would become forgotten. Before very long the Prybilovskis were colonized by a small party of natives in the service of the Russian Company. The Bering group remained far longer without inhabitants, but in each, almost from the outset, a system of indiscriminate slaughter was instituted. Animals of both sexes and all ages were killed. We learn from Bishop Innocent Veniaminov that more than a hundred thousand skins were thus taken annually upon the islands of St. Paul and St. George. The pelts had accumulated to such an extent in 1803, that no less than eight hundred thousand were lying in the stores, and of these—so badly were they cured and taken care of—seven hundred thousand had to be thrown away. For a long time this waste of life continued without much apparent effect upon the numbers of those that yearly filled the rookeries. Then, steadily and rapidly, the diminution became evident. In 1817 the "take" from the two islands had fallen to sixty thousand, and three years later to fifty thousand. In 1825 we find a return of only 30,100; in 1829 it had sunk to 20,811; and finally, in 1835—the date at which the "take" appears to have reached its lowest ebb—6580 skins only were obtained.

With the exception of these statistics of Veniaminov, none, or none that I am aware of, exist of the period previous to the American occupation of Alaska. For the two or three years preceding this event a reign of anarchy, or something approaching

it, prevailed, and the seals ran a nearer risk of extinction than any that had previously threatened them. This danger luckily passed over, and in 1870 a lease was granted to the Alaska Commercial Company, under whose direction the numbers of the animals were quickly raised, until the rookeries were once more restored to the condition in which they were found by the discoverers of the islands. The fur-seal, indeed, under the present system of management, can hardly be looked upon as other than a domestic animal, and the island upon which it breeds as a stock-farm on a large scale.

It has never been my good fortune to see the rookeries of the Prybilov Islands, which have been so admirably described by Mr. Elliott, but in the course of the cruise of the yacht *Marchesa* to Kamschatka in 1882, I visited those of the Komandorskis, landing in Bering Island in mid-September. The little settlement of Nikolsky off which we anchored, though barren and dreary-looking to a degree, bore evidences of a rather more advanced state of civilization than I had expected. With the Americans have come schools for the children, and neat wooden houses in place of the turf-built cabins formerly constructed by the Aleuts. All the timber needed for this or for any other purpose has to be brought from Kamschatka, for the islands are utterly destitute of trees, and here, as in Greenland and other regions of the far North, the boats, whether large or small, have to be constructed of skins.

The rookeries, of which there are two, are far from the settlement, and are reached by dog-sledge both in winter and summer, the level waste of the dreary *tundras* affording nearly as good a road in the latter season as the surface of the snow. Mr. Elliott describes the Prybilovskis as volcanic, but no evidences of a like origin struck me while crossing Bering Island. The land, desolate and barren beyond words, presented itself as a series of marshy terraces, upheaved by discontinuous elevation from the sea-level. Mile after mile of this monotonous and lonely scenery is passed—rendered yet more weird by the gloomy skies characteristic of the region—before the little huts of the Cossacks and Aleuts who form the armed guard of the rookery appear in sight. Then the traveller gets out of his sledge and in another minute finds himself looking at one of the most astonishing sights that the world affords.

Before him, along the seashore, extending, as it seems, for an interminable distance, lies a densely-packed and ceaselessly-

moving crowd of animals, reminding him of some vast collection of human beings. The constant heaving motion which passes in waves over its surface recalls unpleasantly the appearance of a piece of carrion when swarming with maggots, and a dull hoarse roar, whose evenly-blended volume of sound is from time to time broken by the louder bellow of some old bull or the high-pitched *ba-a* of a pup hard by, greets the ear from tens of thousands of throats. Ceaseless activity is the leading feature of the scene. Closely-packed as are the multitudes of creatures, the mass of life is intersected here and there by paths where numbers of the "bachelors" are passing to and from the sea. In all directions are to be noticed the bulls, each guarding his harem of wives in a space the size of a small room. The small black pups are sleeping by the side of their mothers, or joyously diving and plunging with their fellows in the surf. The variety and oddity of the attitudes assumed astonishes and amuses the spectator. Here is a pup curled up head to tail, like a dog; there another slowly fanning itself with its hind flipper. Others carry the flippers curled over the back like a tail, and in some again the head is thrown up in the oddest conceivable manner, as if their attention was solely concentrated upon a careful examination of the heavens. Such is a rookery—a swarm of perhaps a couple of hundred thousand restless animals, fighting, playing, scratching, fanning, bathing, and making love, and all to the accompaniment of a continuous concert of nearly as many voices, which can be compared to nothing so fitly as the noise which greets the ear at "the finish" on the Derby day.

The spectator, confused by the strangeness and interest of the sight, may remain for some little time without discovering that there is any definite arrangement in the apparent disorder before him. Such definite arrangement, however, exists, as might be expected, for most large communities in the animal world are ruled by some system. In this case it is based upon the curious fact that the young male seals are not permitted by their elders to enter the breeding-grounds until they are five years old, although they are actually adult before that time. The rookery is thus divided into districts with sharply-defined boundaries. Most important of all is that set apart as the breeding-ground, the locality chosen being nearest the sea, and of such a nature as best suits the animals' taste. Flat, low-lying rocks and coarse beach seem to constitute the favourite ground, while sand is eschewed, according to the sealers, from its tendency to irritate

the eyes. In close proximity to this ground, either at the sides or at the back, the *holluschicki* or bachelors establish themselves, in company with the young females of one and two years old. The seals of each district confine themselves to its limits. The bulls on the breeding-ground never wander from their posts, and the cows and pups only move to and from the sea. Should any daring *holluschack* venture into the "married quarters" he would probably not come out alive, although, as I have already stated, permission to pass through by certain paths is always afforded him in the case where the *holluschicki* ground is in rear. In addition to these two grounds there is usually another—a species of hospital which serves as a temporary refuge for the sick, or for the many who have been injured by fighting and other causes.

The foregoing rough sketch of the aspect and plan of a seal-rookery is necessary for the proper comprehension of the method by which it is peopled. Throughout the long and dreary winter the islands have either been frozen-in completely, or at least surrounded with heavy ice-pack. The shores are deserted. Of the tens—nay, hundreds of thousands of seals that swarmed there in the summer, not one is to be seen. All have gone south, and, threading the dangerous barrier of the Aleutian Islands, where their enemy, man, is for ever on the watch for them should they be rash enough to "haul up," have reached the warmer waters of the Pacific. But with the end of April comes a change. The rise of temperature, slight as it is, has not been without its effect upon the ice. Round the shores of the islands it has loosened. A week more, perhaps, and it has left them free.

We may now look for the first seal. Winter, it is true, has not yet given place to summer, and the snow has not changed to fog, but the animal is not one to be daunted by cold. The bulls are the first to make their appearance, the old and strong generally preceding their younger brethren, and these pioneers often remain for some time without addition to their numbers. But with the advent of the fogs the rest land in thousands, and at the end of May in the Prybilovskis, and perhaps a few days earlier in the Bering group, all—to use the technical term always employed—have "hauled up."

It must not be supposed that all this has taken place either rapidly or quietly. Far from this being the case, the rookery has from the very first been the scene of ceaseless fighting—of fighting so fierce as frequently to result in the death of the com-



batants. The bull-seal on first landing is like a gold-miner on a new reef, and instantly busies himself in marking out the best "claim" that offers. He establishes himself upon a small area of ground a few feet square, as near the sea as he can, and defends it against the attacks of his brethren who are either unprovided with a similar holding, or who prefer his selection to their own. Day after day this fighting continues, until at length, perhaps—worn out with these oft-repeated struggles—the creature has to yield his place to some fresh antagonist.

Upon this "might is right" principle the rookery is soon definitely parcelled out, but as yet no cows have appeared upon the scene. Their advent is delayed three weeks or more beyond that of their lords and masters, and it is probably mid-June before the tide of immigration has in their case reached its height. Their arrival is the signal for a renewal of the fighting. As each cow "hauls up" she is at once seized and appropriated by the nearest bull, who, after depositing her within his holding, turns his attention to the securing of the next arrival. Mere annexation does not necessarily mean possession, however, and a dozen or more pitched battles may be fought over some coveted fair one, until—appropriated time after time by some third party—she eventually finds herself far from her first owner. During these struggles the cows are sometimes seized by each of the combatants, and tugged so violently in opposite directions that the skin is torn in strips from their back and limbs.

In due course of time these difficulties become adjusted, the cows have all landed, and peace once more reigns in the rookery. If the breeding-ground be now examined it is at once evident why the bulls have striven to obtain the posts adjacent to the sea. Here those that have been fortunate enough or strong enough to hold their own are now seen lording it over a harem abundant in wives, while at the back and outskirts of the ground those who are weaker or younger are but ill-provided. It is doubtful whether any more preposterous polygamist exists than the fur-seal. Mr. Elliott records an instance where one powerful old bull, scarred and gashed, and with one eye gouged out, watched jealously over no less than forty-five wives. This, of course, is exceptional. From twelve to twenty appears to be a good average for the best places, while on the remote holdings the juniors are lucky enough if they obtain one or two.

Almost immediately after her arrival the cow gives birth to a single young one—the "pup" as it is termed. It is a singular



fact that the period of gestation should be so prolonged in a creature which is of such small size, and attains maturity so quickly, but it is certain, both from the above and other facts, that it is as nearly as possible a year in duration. The pup is born with the eyes open, and is soon active enough—two points much in its favour in the midst of the crowded rookery and the ceaseless fighting around it. The mother is by no means devoted, leaving it to shift very much for itself. As far as can be made out, it is most curiously indifferent to food, those in charge of the rookery assuring me that it often went a day or more without suckling. If it be a male, this abstinence, as will presently be seen, serves him as a useful training for his future life.

Crowded as the rookery has been from the beginning, the birth of the pups has nearly doubled its population, and the scene is busier than ever. From a tolerably early period, when the cows have all ceased "hauling up," and the fighting has stopped, and when there can no longer be any doubt as to ownership, the bulls have permitted the members of their harem to go down to the sea to swim and feed. No such relaxation, unhappily for him, is possible for the head of the family. Should he leave his little holding to satisfy the cravings of hunger, he would find his household hearth cold upon his return. So long as he sticks to his post his neighbours will respect his presence and let his wives alone, but desertion, if only for a short time, leaves his home in the position of an empty claim, which—to pursue the mining simile—may be "jumped" by the first comer. And so, from the middle of May, or at latest from the beginning of June, until mid-August—a period of some twelve or thirteen weeks—the matrimonial responsibilities of the bull seal entail not only imprisonment within the limits of a few square feet of ground, but a fast so absolute and protracted as to put the efforts of the toughest Indian fakir to the blush. As may be imagined, this prolonged period of starvation is not without its effect upon the unhappy animal. Weak and emaciated, its body scarred with wounds, it regains the water in very different condition to that in which it first landed on the island.

In August, then, the "season," if I may so term it, is over. The bulls have gone down to the sea, to return no more, or at least only very occasionally, till the following year. All trace of organization in the rookery is now lost. The busy life still

continues, and the numbers scarcely seem diminished, but the *holluschicki* roam where they please without let or hindrance, and the masses have become more discrete and scattered. The pups have nearly all learnt to swim—an art which, curious to relate, appears in their case to be not natural, but acquired. Then comes autumn, a season short enough in these latitudes, and the numbers become thinned. With the first snow many take their departure, and by the end of October the majority are gone. After the 20th of November, I was told, scarcely one is to be seen, save here and there some late-born pup who has as yet not perfected himself in the art of swimming. It is a commonly received opinion among the Bering Island Aleuts that an early departure portends a severe winter, while on the other hand, if the animals remain beyond the usual time, a more open season will be experienced.

Both on land and in the water it is with the fore-limb that the seal progresses. When swimming, steering only is managed by the long hind-flippers, which bear a singularly close resemblance, both in texture and appearance, to a lady's long black-kid glove. The animals seem to take particular care of these appendages, either keeping them straight out at the side, or lifting them up in ridiculous manner when walking. The gait is awkward, making the creature appear as if partly paralysed, a step or two being first taken with the fore-limb and the hind-quarters then approximated by an arching of the spine, the method of progression thus resembling that of a "geometer" caterpillar. Although slow, the seal can cover a good deal of ground and is often found at some distance from the sea. He is, moreover, a very passable climber, ascending rocks and cliffs which those unaccustomed to his habits would deem quite beyond the range of his powers. All, adults and young, are very sensitive to atmospheric changes. Their ideal weather is certainly not ours. A cold, raw fog is most appreciated, and sun, warmth, and clear skies drive them at once into the sea.

There is probably not another instance in the animal world in which the male differs so strikingly from the female as in the case of *Callorhinus*. Up to the age of three years they are alike in size, but after that period, while the female ceases to grow, the bull increases from year to year in size and fatness until he becomes gigantic. Thus, according to Mr. Elliott, the weight of a three-year-old male is about 90 lbs. and its length about four feet, but an old bull would weigh 600 lbs.

and measure seven feet. Enormous masses of fat load his chest and shoulders, and the increase in bulk renders him unwieldy and unable to get about like a *holluschack*. It is these old warriors, nevertheless, who get the best places in the rookery, where weight rather than agility wins the day. Taking the average weight of a female as 90 or 100 lbs. their consorts when arrived at full growth may be said to be just six times their size!

When the seal has reached its sixth year the fur it yields is much deteriorated in quality. Still older, it is practically worthless. The skin of the pup, on the other hand, not having reached its full size, has also not reached its full value. It is evident, then, since the slaughter of the cows would be manifestly an unwise proceeding, that the males between the ages of two and five years should alone be killed, if it be desired to keep the rookeries undiminished in numbers and to obtain the best commercial results. This system, with still further limitations, is that adopted. The *holluschack* has unconsciously lent himself to its furtherance. The play-grounds, being distinct and separate, not only permit of his being driven off comfortably to the slaughter without any difficulties of separation from others of different sex or age, but also obviate the necessity of disturbing the breeding-grounds, which are seldom penetrated even by the officials. When therefore a "drive" is resolved on, two or three natives run in between the *holluschicki* and the sea and herd them landwards, an operation which with these slow-moving animals is easily effected. As many as it is desired to kill are then separated, and the march to the place of execution commences. It is fittingly funereal in pace, for, if over-driven, the animals not only die on the road, but the quality of the fur in the survivors is spoiled. Even at the rate of half a mile an hour many are compelled to fall out of the ranks. No difficulty is experienced, and with a man or two on either flank and in rear, the seals are herded with far less trouble than a flock of sheep. In some instances the killing-grounds are at a considerable distance from the rookery, in others they are quite near. Strange to say, the proximity of thousands of putrefying carcasses of their kind does not seem in any way to affect the survivors.

Arrived on the ground, the animals are left awhile to rest and get cool, and are then separated out in small batches to be killed. A staff between five and six feet in length, with a knob at the end, weighted with lead, is used in the operation. The animal

is struck on the head, and a knife thrust into the chest penetrates the heart or great vessels, and causes rapid death. Upon the subject of cruelty in the slaughter and skinning of the fur-seals much unnecessary ink has recently been shed. Whatever exists is neither more nor less than is perpetrated by English butchers in the course of their daily avocations. The skin is removed at once, and the carcase left to rot where it lies. In this way enormous quantities of valuable oil are wasted. The animals killed are, without exception, males at the beginning of the third and fourth years.

The after-history of the skins it is not within the province of this paper to relate, for a description of the method of curing would alone fill many pages. It is enough to say that they leave the islands roughly salted and tied together in bundles, the Company's steamer calling twice yearly. The interest at present is centred in the living animal and not in the product—in the goose and not the golden eggs; and the life-history, as we have just studied it, of the animal now so largely attracting the world's attention is of no little importance in the question whether Bering's Sea shall or shall not be open to British and other foreign vessels. That sealing, as carried on by the poaching schooners, is a very paying trade there is no doubt whatever. Year by year the number of vessels thus engaged increases. It is not easy to obtain information, but probably not less than thirty fit out on the American sea-board, and about the same number on the Asiatic side. We know that over forty thousand seal-skins were landed on the American continent in 1890, and we cannot estimate the "take" of the craft from Japan and China as much less than thirty thousand. This is almost equal to half the combined yield of the Komandorskis and the Prybilovs. At this rate the fur-seal will at no very remote period in the future become as extinct as his former comrade the Rhytina. It cannot be denied that international interests, totally apart from any political question, demand that this danger shall be averted.

It has been stated, by those who hold a brief for the "illicit" schooners, that the seals breed at various places on the North American coast and its islands—a statement which, if true, would of course materially alter the aspect of the case. But though doubtless a good number of the animals stop to rest there and "haul-up," or a few even, from rarely-occurring causes, to give birth to a young one, these localities cannot for a moment, I think, be put forward as the real source of the schooners' cargoes.

Zoology teaches us that the fur-seal is a gregarious animal, and it is in the immediate neighbourhood of the vast breeding-grounds I have just described that the bulk of the skins is obtained. Although perhaps actual landing on a rookery is not so much practised as formerly, the dense sea-fogs render the three-mile limit a dead-letter. As a poacher's rabbit is "one as I just found dead in the hedge, sir," so the greater number of sealskins in a schooner's hold will be found on enquiry—of the captain—to have been killed on the broad bosom of the Pacific.

The question, as I have said, is one involving general interests, and does not merely affect the Company renting the islands, and the Government which obtains its £60,000 or £70,000 therefrom. The system of slaughter at present in vogue must be put a stop to. But a *mare clausum* is to England as a red rag; she will have none of it. Nor, indeed, can it be said that it would set the matter at rest; for it would not entirely do away with illicit sealing. One alternative at least remains—the establishment of a close time, to be recognized internationally, and enforced by cruisers of the various nations concerned in the preservation of this valuable animal. In the spring-migration northward, every adult female seal is heavy with young. From June till August the breeding season is at its height, while from the latter month till the end of October the fur is in bad condition and of little value. Most of the animals taken by the schooners are shot or harpooned while swimming or lying asleep on the surface of the water, when it is impossible with certainty to ascertain the sex. Given these facts, the inference is obvious. A close season should be established from April until the end of October, during which time it should under no circumstances be permissible to kill seals except upon the rookeries. The animals would still remain *feræ naturæ*, and their capture during the southern migration would be legal. But under these circumstances it is highly improbable that the illicit sealers would find the trade sufficiently remunerative to be undertaken. Of the slaughter of cows in young, males with useless pelts, and undersized pups we have had enough. By this means the question would be shifted from political to zoological grounds, and the recently-established and totally unjustifiable trade of the seal-poacher would be effectually, but legitimately ended.

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## ESTHER VANHOMRIGH.

BY MARGARET L. WOODS.

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### CHAPTER V.

OUTSIDE the night was cool and exquisitely silent, for there was no sound, except that of the faint breeze sighing through the tree-tops. Below them it was pitch dark, as the moon had gone behind a cloud, and the foliage was still very thick. A long avenue of beeches ran across the fields to the house, and down this Francis began to make his way, in accordance with the directions given him when he had been intended to join the coach. But he experienced the usual difficulty in walking straight in the dark, and as he knocked his hat off against a branch, and first one shoulder and then the other against the boles of the trees, and tripped and strayed among the brambles and thorn-bushes that had been allowed to encroach on the avenue, he felt, not indeed a temptation to return, but exceeding wrath against his inanimate and invisible foes, and something like despair of ever reaching his destination. He would probably have wandered yet longer in this wilderness, and hopelessly missed the high-road, had it not been for a fortunate accident. A bonfire of weeds and the stubbed-up roots of trees near the path having smouldered itself hollow, the top fell in just as Francis passed, and a red genial tongue of flame shot up into the darkness. There was something at once strange and friendly in the fire, crackling and glowing through the night, alone in the deserted field. It lighted up a footpath that crossed the avenue and a stile in a hedge, which he must otherwise have overlooked, but which he recognized as his right way. On the open path it was not so dark as under the trees, and the ripples of light at the edge of the dun cloud that hid the moon were broadening and brightening. As he crossed another stile at the further end of the way, she swam out again



into the clear sky, and he saw the white high-road stretching left and right between the dark lines of its hedges. He turned in the direction, not of Windsor, but of London, with the regular determined tramp of a man settling down to work, for he had more than twenty miles to cover before morning. He did not know the country, but he felt sure that the high-road must bring him right eventually. In the first village street he came to, though the other houses were all dark, a stream of light came from the ale-house door, and he asked if this were the coach-road to London. The landlord nodded an answer, and he and the one or two belated men round the door stared with much solemnity and suspicion at the lonely pedestrian, and would have questioned him in their turn had he not disappeared again into the darkness before they could arrive at articulation.

He met no other foot-passengers and only one post-chaise passed him, driving very quickly. In the day-time it was a busy road, for besides the scattered towns and villages upon it, he passed the gates of large villas, which the wealthier merchants and many of the nobility preferred as summer residences to country places at a distance from London. But now these dark and silent houses, withdrawn among their gardens and trees, seemed rather to emphasise than to lessen the loneliness of the way. As he passed the scattered groups of thorns on Hounslow Heath he kept his hand on his sword, but if any highwaymen were lurking there, so insignificant a prey did not tempt them. Below him the river flats by Hammersmith lay shimmering white with mist in the moonlight. Before he reached them the moon was gone, but from time to time the roll of a market cart, and the gleam of its sleepy lantern came to him cheerfully through the darkness.

He entered London when the oil lamps in the streets were burning even paler than before in the cheerless dawn. In St. James's no one was yet stirring, and it was only a prolonged volley of knocks that at length brought Mrs. Ann, the Vanhomrigh's own woman, to the door. The old waiting-maid threw up her hands in horror at the apparition of Francis, thinking he brought ill-news of her ladies. She was greatly relieved at finding that it was his own business that brought him to town, and inclined to pity and make much of him. He certainly looked way-worn, and felt tired when he sat down, but not sleepy. On the

contrary, he had a curious feeling as though something were strained tight across his brain, and he would never be able to close his eyes again. He dressed himself afresh with consideration, not indeed achieving an appearance that would have made the Colonel proud to acknowledge him, but freeing himself for the moment from the reproach of a scholarly slovenliness of dress. Then he took down from the wall a small Spanish sword which was his oldest possession. Something on the embroidered scabbard or belt to which it was attached had caught his childish fancy, and as he had not been able to draw it, he had been allowed to keep it as a cherished toy. He then sat down by a cheerful fire which Mrs. Susan had lighted, drank the dish of chocolate she brought him, and read a book till a quarter to eight o'clock, when he went out and turned across St. James's Park in the direction of Peterborough House. On his way he arranged what he should say when he got there; for even twice his years teach few of us the futility of such one-sided plans of conversation, where no allowance is made for the winds and tides of our own immediate impressions, still less for the independent and constraining force of another mind. He marched stoutly on till he came in sight of the big door with the two shallow steps before it, and the oil-lamps on each side. Then for the first time he realised to how audacious a course he was about to commit himself, and not so much hesitated as encouraged himself by weighing the risk and the possible loss and gain resulting from it. He could but lose the slender allowance which eked out his Bible-clerkship at All Souls, and the chance of a chaplaincy or a living, neither of which he would care to accept. On the other hand, there was the irrepressible youthful hope that this famous father, himself so ambitious and so restless, might have more sympathy with the restlessness and ambition of his son than the dry little lawyer at Windsor. Should his lordship fly into a rage, Francis would but have to retire, and he imagined himself retiring discreetly under cover of a smart repartee. He knocked at the door, and a large butler in a large peruke, who regarded him with awe-inspiring surprise, informed him, as he expected, that Lord Peterborough was shortly leaving for Madrid and would see no one except on special business. But he stepped past the butler into the flagged hall with an easy confidence which sent that individual's ideas, that like his majestic frame usually moved with measured dignity, jostling each other in hopeless confusion.

"His lordship will see *me*," said the unknown and apparently insignificant person, and would not vouchsafe his name.

Now Lord Peterborough, like some other noblemen and politicians in those days, when the succession of the House of Hanover seemed daily more doubtful, had grown tired of that uncertain seat called in modern phraseology "the fence," and was engaged in getting off it on the Stuart side. Consequently he received a good many mysterious or shabby visitors.

He was one of those irritable masters who expect their servants to know by instinct whom they wish and whom they do not wish to see, and the butler knew not whether he would incur most wrath by admitting, or by sending away, one who might be a political emissary of the highest importance, or a needy tradesman bringing a bill. Meantime, in mere confusion of mind he began to mount the stairs, closely followed by Francis. On the landing, still as far from having arrived at a conclusion as ever, he turned and faced his pursuer like a sheep at bay.

"You must please to tell me your name and business, your Honour, before I can admit you to his Lordship," he said with attempted firmness.

"Neither concern you, my good man," replied Francis, shrugging his shoulders with a gentle but superior smile; "you may say, the gentleman from Lord Mordaunt."

The butler opened a door slowly and wide to give himself time to collect his thoughts, but not succeeding in doing so, announced in loud and pompous tones from the force of habit, "My Lord, the gentleman from Lord Mordaunt."

"Mordaunt!" cried a sharp surprised voice from far within the room; then after a pause—"well, let him wait."

The butler closed the door gradually, looking in a doubtful, almost appealing way at Francis, who had walked past him and stood in the small ante-chamber divided by folding-doors, which were open, from the large room beyond. Within he could see the back of a man in a neat travelling wig and a military coat, seated at a desk and writing fast with one hand, while with the other he from time to time conveyed a tea-cup or food to his lips.

Now did Francis begin somewhat to quake, finding himself in the very presence of Lord Peterborough, though as yet unobserved by him. Here was the man of glittering reputation, of whose bold genius for war, of whose adventurous feats of

daring, he had heard a thousand stirring tales from men who had fought in Spain; here was the "Mordanto," whose cosmopolitan activity had been chronicled in verse by Swift himself, whom the Tory party—at the Vanhomrighs Tories predominated—lauded to the skies as the worthy rival of Marlborough; the hero of a day on whom Time had not yet clearly written *mene, mene, tekel*. Had his new-discovered father been a more ordinary individual, Francis would not have dreamed of thus claiming him, but a consciousness of something unusual in his own aims and abilities made him instinctively trust this unusual man to recognize in him at once no ordinary claimant for money or social recognition. This consciousness at least buoyed him up till he found himself watching the dark curls of Lord Peterborough's wig vibrate, as he could almost have imagined, to the quick working of the brain within, and hearing only the scratching of a somewhat unruly quill. The quill having become totally unmanageable, his Lordship pitched it into the fire-place, and turned round sharply to reach another from a table behind him. Then, to his surprise, for he supposed he was alone, he found himself face to face with a small young man, who stood with his back against the well-filled bookshelf in the ante-room, meeting his lordship's eye with a look at once earnest and abashed.

"Well, sir," said Lord Peterborough sharply, "what d'ye want?" and added a muttered curse on the butler.

The young man stepped forward and bowed, still earnestly regarding him, but did not immediately answer. So he answered himself.

"Ah! the gentleman from Lord Mordaunt, to be sure," and he smiled grimly. "I presume the affectionate creature sends me his blessing before I sail—and would be glad of a thousand pounds."

"Possibly, my Lord," replied the young man in a deliberate if somewhat hesitating manner. "But I was not sent from Lord Mordaunt."

Lord Peterborough's restless emaciated fingers drummed on the chair-back.

"You announced yourself as from my son!"

There was a short pause before Francis answered with ingenuousness, rather than boldness—

"My Lord, that was a lie; I don't usually lie."

His Lordship stared at his singular interlocutor, and then

throwing himself back in his chair, laughed silently. But quickly regaining his countenance—

"Then who the deuce are you?" he asked.

Francis paused again before replying: "I came here to ask your Lordship that. My mother's name was Frances Annesley."

Every glimmer of amusement died out of Peterborough's face. "Ah," he said, "I perceive."

Then he fillicked at some stray grains of sand on the document upon which he was engaged, and finding them still there, took it up and brushed them off.

"Upon my honour, young gentleman," he continued coldly, without raising his eyes from his task, "you have indulged a most idle curiosity. I have no objection to gratify it; but you will get no money from me, which is, I suppose, what you want."

At these words a change also passed over Francis's manner and expression.

"Money!" he cried, "money! O your Lordship may be easy. If you indeed be the man I think, I came to inform you that such moneys as you have paid towards making a parson of me are paid for stark nothing, and if 'tis true, as Mr. Wilson affirms, that you will give 'em for that and nothing but that, why I hereby sacrifice my interest in 'em freely to your Lordship, and have the honour to wish you a good-morning."

This was not in the least what he had intended to say, but the most meditated stroke of art would hardly have been so successful as this unpremeditated outburst of anger.

Peterborough looked at him curiously and relaxed into something approaching a smile.

"Foolish boy! 'Tis a handsome offer. Another might take advantage of thee. Were it handsomer, I should do so myself. But let us talk of it, since I do not leave for Madrid till dinner-time, and"—looking at his watch—" 'tis not yet half after eight. Yet," he added, with a glance of renewed suspicion, "I am very likely a fool not to kick you downstairs."

Nor would the certainty that the young man was his own son have deterred him from doing so, had he not begun to feel an amused interest in the creature, and to observe in him a strong likeness to himself, and yet more to his late promising son, John. He had lost his two eldest sons in one year, and though far from a domestic character, he had been affected, both in his affections and in his parental pride, by the death of the second, a distinguished naval officer; especially as that loss



brought him face to face with his youngest son, whom heretofore Lady Peterborough had been left to spoil at her ease.

At this direct summons to speak Francis was silent, and his first awe returned upon him, while Peterborough, who seemed never for an instant without movement in some part of his face or person, rose from the escritoire and went to the fireplace.

"Come, come, boy," he cried impatiently, turning the poker round and round in the flame, for there was a fire in the grate. "If you be Mrs. Annesley's son, you must have a tongue in your head. Why will you not be a parson? 'Tis no bad trade for one that has wit and knows how to use it."

"Say, abuse it, my Lord. To lick a trencher better than a lacquey, and spoil a good poem with a vile dedication."

"Pooh, pooh! You talk like friend Swift in a fit of the spleen," returned Peterborough, still amused and laughing.

"Dr. Swift would confirm me that 'tis an ill trade for one that is ambitious and would be honest."

"But Swift is honest, ay, and imprudent too!" cried Peterborough. "Yet look what his mere wit hath got for him."

"Promises," returned Francis drily. Peterborough, being among the very few persons in the secret of Swift's unstable position and the obstacles between him and promotion, silently congratulated the youth on his penetration, not guessing that it was quickened by jealousy. "But I care not," Francis continued. "The richest Bishopric in England could not tempt me to be a parson."

"You are a fool," returned Peterborough impatiently, moving from the fire, "but what is that to me? Wilson shall have instructions to continue your pittance and let you go your own ways; though I cannot guess what this monstrous ambition of yours may be that leads you to despise a fat fellowship and the chance of a fat living."

Francis laid his hand on the hilt of his sword, and meeting the fancies soldier's eyes with an earnest look, "I know not whether my ambition be monstrous, my Lord," he said, "but I am sure 'tis great, for I aspire to use this sword, that once belonged to the hero of Barcelona, in such fashion that the world may say I am worthy to be his son, if I am not so."

As a diplomatist, and a man of wit and fashion, Peterborough had acquired for occasions the cool polish of exterior then, perhaps even more than now, thought indispensable to the rôle.



But the native impulsiveness beneath it, the impulsiveness which at once made and marred him as a general and a politician, constantly broke through to the surface. The frank young homage of this unknown lad with the strangely familiar face at once flattered his vanity and touched what remained of his heart. He stepped forward and set his hands on Francis's shoulders. Their eyes were on a level, and as they met Peterborough's emaciated features, worn with the ceaseless pursuit of pleasure and ambition, flushed and softened with a smile that made him for a moment look like the young man's brother.

"Come," he said, "I will trust you with the truth. If your mother was really Mrs. Annesley, then you are really my son, and methinks the best one I am like to find now-a-days."

Francis had a tongue nimble enough in many respects, but in others exceedingly lame. He was surprised and touched by Lord Peterborough's admission and the manner of it, but he only looked down, coloured, and said nothing. Peterborough drew the youth's sword from the scabbard, and examined it, blade and hilt.

"So thou would'st be a soldier?" he said, after a pause. "Well, 'tis a secret I trust to your discretion, but I intend landing in the Netherlands on my way to Spain. If you are in earnest, I will leave you there with a gentleman that shall get you a permit to serve with the allied troops, though I cannot promise you a commission or to see more than the end of the game."

"My Lord, I am infinitely obliged. At what hour shall I attend your Lordship?" asked Francis.

The calmness with which he accepted the sudden proposal to leave his native country and assume a totally new position in life within the next few hours, gave Lord Peterborough extreme satisfaction.

"Be here at four o'clock," he said, "bringing no more than a portmanteau. I hate baggage. You shall be equipped for the camp at the Hague. I do not promise great things, mind you, but you shall have just as much as suffices to give a young man credit enough to run into debt. Now farewell. If you come not at the hour I shall know you repent—and so shall I."

He extended his hand to Francis, who kissed it respectfully and made his way downstairs, almost stunned by the unlooked-for success of his venture.

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He extended his hand to Francis, who kissed it respectfully and made his way downstairs, almost stunned by the unlooked-for success of his venture.

As to Lord Peterborough, of course as soon as he heard the big front door close behind Francis, he called himself a fool for thus negligently exposing himself to claims and annoyances, which he had for fifteen years successfully taken precautions to avoid. But he was reaching an age when the most active and hardened of men occasionally feels the pangs of solitariness. His wandering and profligate life had long and hopelessly alienated Lady Peterborough's affections from him, and his relations with his surviving son were extremely unpleasant. The sincere and admiring but not very profound liking entertained for him by certain literary men, was the best thing left to him in a life of private and political intrigue which, generally speaking, occupied his energies too completely to leave room for anything else. Yet from time to time some indication of failing health brought before him the chill vision of a solitary old age. If he can be said to have loved any woman in the course of his life, that woman was Frances Annesley. Cold, unprincipled, and with little beauty, she had by her wit and that strange gift of fascination which defies analysis, retained her power over him for seven years. At the end of that time they had a quarrel, in the course of which he had knocked a lighted candle off the table, which falling on her dress, set her on fire and caused her death. His heart was not very soft nor his sensibilities very keen, but this horrible accident made a real and disagreeable impression upon him, and he hastened to try and efface it. If Mrs. Annesley had been interested in her child, she might long before have had him well provided for, but the plain sickly boy was an object of indifference to her, and when Lord Peterborough shut up the Manor, he instructed Mr. Wilson to make a small allowance for the child's maintenance and have him brought up in ignorance of his parentage. This he did partly to avoid annoyance, and partly to enable him the more completely to forget the episode of Mrs. Annesley. He was now not quite sure whether he was glad or sorry the seal of secrecy had been broken in some way as yet unexplained. He said to himself that the youth would undoubtedly prove ungrateful, extortionate and the cause of infinite annoyance to him, and yet— Then, as next day must see him through the delicate business of tampering with some of Marlborough's officers in the interest of the party, he speedily and completely dismissed his personal and family affairs from his meditations.

Francis meantime was hurrying homewards to pack the one portmantel permitted him by his patron. Mrs. Ann, coming in to find his room strewn with the contents of his cupboards, began to scold, as she had got into the habit of doing in the days when her comb used unmercifully to tear through his thick hair and her soapy water to squirt into his eye.

"Lord! Master Francis, what a litter you be in, surely! Marry come up! You make as much work in the house in a day as Master Ginckel 'ud make in a week—if it wasn't for his own man!"

When, however, she heard that he was to leave home that day and for a foreign country, she left off scolding and took the arrangement of his affairs into her own hands, packing for him not only the best of his own scanty possessions, but various articles belonging to other members of the family. When in the course of time these appropriations were discovered by the owners, there would no doubt be a good deal of grumbling, but every one was too much accustomed to her system of practical family socialism to seriously resent it.

Francis, after wandering round her vaguely for some time and being strictly forbidden to touch every article he offered to hand her, went down to the parlour to write a letter to Mrs. Vanhomrigh. He was glad Windsor was too far off to admit of his getting there and back before the afternoon, as otherwise he might have yielded to the temptation to see Esther once again before leaving England. At present he was too dazed to be very conscious either of pleasure or pain, but he knew that when he recovered himself, his intense satisfaction in his new career would only be tempered by his regret at parting from her. Yet even as regarded Esther, his present course was the only promising one. So far he knew only too well, she had never regarded him in any other light than as a younger brother, but his absence, his return in the character of a soldier and as he fondly hoped, a distinguished one, might change all that. If Swift should come forward as a suitor for her hand, then Francis could not doubt that she would under any circumstances be lost to him for ever. Something made him hope and almost believe that this would not happen.

His farewell letter took him long to write, but it was very brief. He was leaving the kindly roof which had sheltered his forsaken childhood—leaving it for the first time, not temporarily but permanently. He was far from lacking in gratitude and in

the piety of the hearth, but he had more than his share of that self-consciousness which is the dismal inheritance of his countrymen, and which makes it so much easier for them to express their unamiable than their kindly feelings; especially if the objects of those feelings happen to be persons with whom they are familiar. Consequently his letter contained little but a cold statement that owing to circumstances which he was not at liberty to mention, he was leaving England without having time to wish Mrs. Vanhomrigh and the young ladies good-bye. It concluded with a few small jests, an enquiry after the health of the party, and his love and duty to Mrs. Vanhomrigh. Having sealed the missive and entrusted it to Mrs. Ann, he went to bed and to sleep.

#### CHAPTER VI.

"It rains with a *continuendo*," Swift observed, abstractedly putting down his pen.

"'Tis certainly unfortunate for you, sir," returned Essie, looking up from the manuscript in her hand.

"How so, miss?" asked he. "Come, this is one of your impudent sayings. A pretending brat that must needs be rallying like her betters! Explain yourself, Hessinage."

"No, no!" she said, and mimicking her mentor's voice and manner—"explanations are of all ballast the heaviest, a mere weighing down of conversation to the capacity of the dull."

"Bratikin!" cried he. "You think to whip me with my own tail, as you serve the puppy; but we mark you not."

He rose from his papers and walked to the window.

"Lord knows," he said, "I wish this rain were away, for if we could see anything, this fine prospect would turn you romantic, and then I should laugh. Yes, you are diverting, miss, when you turn romantic."

The windows of the small panelled parlour of the Prebendary's lodging where they sat, were among those that look out over the tree-tops and the Hundred Steps to the Thames and Eton, but now there was nothing to be seen from them but a grey misty veil of fine rain.

"And this to one that hath said neither O nor Ah to a sunset and a full moon! Well, Doctor, you may think meanly of me, yet I thank God I am not a stag-hunting Maid of Honour with a



hat-mark on her brow and a laugh like a horse-boy ; I've seen one named Hyde or some such thing, that I'm sure you'd never love."

"Indeed, miss, you are mistook, for I love the creature dearly," he cried, and Essie laughed teasingly.

Now Mrs. Hyde was one of those ladies of quality with whom Swift had consented to be on terms of friendship, if they would observe his conditions ; which were that the first advances should proceed from them and be made in due form. She had a fine face and figure and abundance of good spirits, which her hearty admiration of the great Doctor helped him at the time to mistake for wit. But though a satirist may have as much vanity as another, he is not so long or so easily duped by it, and Swift had soon perceived his devoted Mrs. Hyde to be not very different from the other Maids of Honour, for whom he had notoriously no liking ; a discovery the loyalty of his nature forbade him to admit, but which Esther shrewdly guessed, and it must be confessed, was not sorry for. It was inevitable that she should be jealous. His power and distinction, which caused him to be flattered and sought after, made her part in his life so obviously small as compared with his part in her own. Then the acceptance of conditions, the calmness of middle-age could not but appear coldness, when brought into contact with the revolts, the warm eagerness, the boundless claims and impossible projects which are the fairy gold of youthful friendship. These things alone, not to reckon a blinder and more fatal element fast intruding upon the domain of friendship, sufficed to make it not disagreeable to her when the attentions lavished upon Swift by persons of importance failed to please him.

"The truth is, Hessinage," he said, "Mrs. Hyde hath made her *boutade*. But no matter—be neither moral nor witty over the *boutades* of others, Hess, for I warrant your own, that you are saving up for all this time, will be a bad one when it comes."

"When I know what you mean, Doctor, with your *boutade*, I shall know better how to answer you."

"When a horse, that has gone so quiet for a month that you have finally concluded him a sober animal, jerks out his hinder feet on a sudden, why, you know better than I, Mademoiselle, that the French call it a *boutade*. Heaven bless us ! 'Tis what you all do sooner or later ; ay, sooner or later, whether 'tis at the end of a week, a month, a year or ten years, every jade of you makes her *boutade* and lands us in the mud."

"Your sex, sir, are truly not guilty of *boutades*, for you kick so regular we cannot plead surprise, and must e'en make a shift to stick on, or take our mud with philosophy."

"Why, what fine young fellow hath been playing you a scurvy trick, Hess?" asked he. "It cannot be Ford, for only t'other day after dinner he drank to you under the name of 'the Jilt.'"

Hester laughed an unembarrassed laugh.

"Lord! that was a scurvy trick indeed of Mr. Ford's! Why, the truth is, he hath not bestowed a thought on my *beaux yeux* since this time last year, when he first made the acquaintance of Moll's. Sure, dear sir, I shall never get a husband unless Moll and I part company, for so soon as I have gotten myself one poor ewe-lamb of an admirer, in comes this naughty miss and whisks him away to swell her train of adorers." But her countenance betrayed not a shadow of annoyance at the abduction or seduction of her followers.

"Odsbodikins, this is fine play-acting! You'd have me think you're not jealous of Moll, when if I write her the least smallest love-letter, or so much as call her Brat or Slutikin, you're ready to tear my eyes out, Governor Huff, you know you are."

Hester looked down and picked at the tassel of a sofa-cushion.

"Sure," she said, "'tis all my fun, but then that's different. The dear creature's welcome to my admirers, but not to—to——"

"Your friend. Well, you may be easy."

There was a short silence, broken by the entrance of a servant.

"Your Riverence, there's a fine young nobleman in a yaller chariot and splendid liveries and an umbrella and a nigger wants to know if he may wait on the ladies."

Then he stepped across to the Doctor, and thrusting his head into his master's wig, whispered something.

"Shish—shish—shish!" cried Swift impatiently, shaking himself away. "What d'ye think I can make of that, you dog? Stand up and speak out, Patrick, and never consider the lady. She's above minding the compliments of a nobleman or of his nigger either."

Patrick stood up and looked at Essie with a smile half-apologetic, half-ingratiating.

"Sure, my Lady, his Lordship wouldn't be for disturbing Madam Vanhomrigh for the world, nor wouldn't take the liberty

of asking for Miss Vanhomrigh; 'tis no one at all, at all, but Miss Molly he'll be after troubling to-day."

"You may tell his Lordship," replied Swift, "that the ladies are abroad and will not return before dinner-time."

So Patrick retired to communicate his answer.

Swift's and Esther's eyes met, and she smiled faintly.

"Fortune and you befriend me to-day," she said. And then, after a pause, "What can I do, dear sir? What can I do to rid my sister of this young rake—for I suspect him to be little better than that."

Swift shrugged his shoulders: "Rid her of her infatuation for him."

"And how in heaven's name am I to do so?"

"By means of her reason, Hessinage," returned Swift. "If you will forgive me for saying so, I think well of Molkin. She is yet very young, and she hath a greater love for the world and a milder and pleasanter disposition than Governor Huff, which causes her to be easily led into follies by them that should keep her out of them. But Moll hath an excellent shrewd wit, and, did you reason with her enough, might be brought to see 'tis mighty ridiculous to buy a pig in a poke. She knows stark nothing of this boy, except that he has a handsome face and a fine coat, and the very rank that dazzles her makes him scarce likely to mate with folks of our breeding. Pooh! reason with her, I say."

"Reason!" cried Essie, in amazement. "Whoever yet found reason strong enough to drive out love?"

"I have found it so," replied Swift sternly. "Others would, if they did but believe it possible, but they resign themselves to suffer from this complaint because they fancy there's no remedy for it. Do you think that I am more insensible than another man to the charms of beauty, of wit, of sense and virtue? No; there was a time, the time when I first found all these united in the person of one young woman, when I felt as great an inclination as any to play the lover and the fool; but my reason told me that, with my narrow means, such as would indeed be bare beggary for a wife and family, and with my uneasy temper and very ill-health, marriage was not for me, and I resolved to rest content with being her friend. 'Tis a resolution I applaud as often as I see a pair of lovers that have been a twelvemonth married, for it allows me to suppose she and I had been more faithful in our fondness, had we permitted ourselves

to love. But come, bratkins, I talk of myself, when I meant but to persuade you that the strength of this passion is grossly exaggerated. 'Tis like some monster of your favourite romances that fades to air in the grasp of the bold champion that grapples with it."

Esther had listened with a changing colour and questioning eyes. Who, ah, who was the woman he could have loved under a more fortunate star? Deep in her heart a siren voice whispered *Esther Vanhomrigh*.

Returning with an effort to her former pre-occupation, as he ended—

"It may be as you say," she returned, "but where is the power to make her grapple with it?" Then, "Alas! how *can* I talk over my sister's unhappy infatuation even with you, sir? I do very wrong. But 'tis my excuse that, as you know well, our poor fond mama hath a younger head on her shoulders than any of us, and thinks no harm of the matter, and when I am troubled about it, to whom should I turn but to the best, the wisest friend that ever woman found? Yet I doubt I do wrong. You must forgive me, though Moll would not."

She spoke quietly, but her companion, familiar with her every gesture and expression, divined there was trouble beneath the exterior calm of her demeanour, and his perception of that touched the deep vein of tenderness, of womanly sympatheticness in him that made him dear to women. The more dear perhaps, because that sympatheticness lay below and alongside of much apparent and some real cynicism, and of a bitterness and scorn of men which was, like his tenderness, the outcome of a morbidly sensitive nature. Now when he saw that Esther was in trouble, he sat down by her and took her hand gently, as an elder brother might have done.

"Never blame yourself for that, Hesskin," he said. "What's told to me is dropped down the Castle well. You have on your young shoulders the cares without the authority of women twice your age, and 'tis no wonder you turn somewhere for counsel, little Hesskinage. As for Molly, the slut, you know I love her very well, and am not the fool of the vulgar opinion which condemns the betrayal of an innocent sentiment more than it winks at the harbouring of a guilty one. No; virtuous breasts, as I have told you a thousand times, need never fear to show what's in 'em. I am as vexed as you that Molkin has cast a favourable eye on this puppy, but if she were more secret in the matter, I

should be more apt to suspect evil than now, when, as she does not conceal her preference, I'm convinced there's nothing ill in it but the object."

"You speak comfortable words," said Esther; "yet Shakespeare says somewhere 'tis no wise thing for the best of hearts to be worn on the sleeve—the daws will peck at it."

"Fudge, child!" replied Swift, patting her hand rather hard before he dropped it. "You think too much of your old plays, and they're better, truly, than modern romances, yet by no means the best books for a young gentlewoman's reading. When the day comes that you have such a heart under your kerchief as you are ashamed to take out and pin to your elbow-ruffles for my inspection—why, on that day you may take Master Shakespeare for your friend instead of the Doctor. Now, since you are so pretending as to quote poetry, I shall read you out this manuscript of Mr. Pope's, which is to my mind the smoothest verse yet writ in our language."

Esther gave him up the manuscript, which was that of a poem entitled 'Windsor Forest,' and in a fine well-modulated voice Swift began to read:—

"Thy forest, Windsor! and thy green retreats,  
At once the monarch's and the muse's seats,  
Invite my lays."

So he continued for sixty-eight lines, which treating of Lady Granville, Eden, Olympus, Pan, Flora, Queen Anne, and William the Conqueror, followed each other with all the regularity and pompous inanity of a string of geese. At the sixty-eighth line he paused and repeated—

"The hollow winds through naked temples roar."

"What think you of that line?" he asked. "To my mind the sound answers marvellously to the sense."

Esther gave a guilty start, and murmured some reply which committed her to nothing.

"Your wits are gone wool-gathering," he said sharply. "You are wont to be a better listener. Come, now, a penny for your thoughts."

She blushed deeply.

"Mr. Pope's are so much finer," she answered. "Pray, Doctor, continue and read me that line again. 'Twas but in a moment of inattention it slipped me."

"A goodly moment!" grumbled Swift. "I'll wager you have

heard nought since Mr. Pope made his fine bow to Granville in the opening. No, you shall read it yourself, Miss Essy, though you can no more read than a magpie."

This last accusation was unfair. Essie was his own pupil, and one with natural gifts. As she read, the empty monotonous lines took meaning and sweetness from her intonation and voice, and though from time to time her master snatched the manuscript from her hand to correct her rendering of some pet passage of his, he could not quite conceal his satisfaction in her performance. Just as she had begun the invocation to the Thames, a sound of feet and voices was heard on the staircase, and in another minute Mrs. Vanhomrigh entered, followed by Molly, Mr. Lewis and a young man whom Swift greeted warmly by the name of Ford.

"I thought you was to have stayed in town for your business all this week, Ford," he said.

Mr. Ford made some wordily inadequate excuse for his unexpected reappearance, which in fact was due to the Vanhomrigh visit, and turned the conversation by producing a packet of letters for the Doctor which he had picked up for him at St. James's Coffee House. Swift glanced at the superscription, and laid the packet on the table.

"Lord, Doctor!" cried Madam Van, looking at it, "I always said you was a magician, and here's the proof of it! You keep a double in Ireland to write you all that's doing there with your very own hand. Why, I never thought there was so much news in Ulster, Munster, Leinster and Connaught all put together, as would swell a package to that size."

Swift coloured visibly.

"The writer," he replied, after an almost imperceptible pause, "was a pupil of mine some twenty years ago, and keeps the trick of my capitals. But never mind the letter; here's Ford can give us the latest news of London, a place which, for my part, I value more than fourteen Irelands put together."

"Luckily," he added to himself, "P. P. T.'s hand is not obtrusively feminine." His discomfort at the sight of the letter was not altogether due to the possible observations of others upon it. Something in his own breast, which he called "undue scrupulosity," had made certain observations to him several times in the course of the last year, and several times he had completely replied to them.

"It is true," he had said, "I no longer feel the same necessity



to write all my doings to P. P. T. I have nothing to tell her but politics, politics, politics, for which pretty P. P. T. cares not a button, and disappointments whenever a Bishopric falls in. It is true I am not so glad as I was to catch sight of a letter from her, stuck up in the little glass window of the St. James's. I love her as well as ever, but poor P. P. T.'s life is dull. I don't believe she has got two new acquaintances in Dublin since I left, and if she had, confound 'em, I shouldn't care to hear of 'em. The diverting witch can get you a jest out of a blue-bottle fly when you are in her company, but her pen is none so witty as her tongue, and I am tired of hearing that the Dean and Stoyte and Walls are at piquet as usual with her, and I know Goody Walls has a baby once a year, and don't care to hear who stands godfather, and who eat the christening cake."

To other observations of his spiritual foe he would reply—

"Yes, silly P. P. T. would be jealous if she knew. Women are foolish, unreasonable creatures, and were she my wife, I should be forced to tell her what does not concern her and submit to her caprices, or live in misery. But I am not even her lover, still less Hessinage's. A man may not have more than one wife, but he may surely have as many as two friends. And 'tis my weakness that I cannot be content without a woman about me. I know not how it is, but there's something too much of my mother in my composition. I am glad the world does not suspect it. Be sure when I have charming P. P. T. again, I shall want no other."

And who was this charming P. P. T., whose letter lay there unopened on the table, while Esther Vanhomrigh at Swift's command read out Mr. Pope's poem to the assembled company? What pet name lurked in the shelter of those initials is only divined, not known, by those who now share with her the contents of those private packages that for so long had reached her eager hands once a fortnight, and of late had been exchanged for rarer and less detailed letters. But on the outside of them is written legibly the name of Mrs. Esther Johnson. By this time she was expecting another, and it was not even on its way to her. The 10th of September was a rainy day in Dublin as well as at Windsor. When the evening began to fall it left off raining, but the faint yellow reflection of an invisible sunset in the puddles and gutters of the muddy street did nothing to enhance its cheerfulness. Mrs. Johnson was by no

means of a moody or querulous disposition, but it was unquestionably dull in the little panelled parlour, with no companion but Dingley, who was dozing over her darning. It was chilly too. Dingley was always exceedingly put out if a fire was lighted before the exact middle of September. As she could quote Dr. Swift as being of her mind on the subject, because certain little rules of this nature are desirable to restrain us from luxury, Mrs. Johnson commonly gave in to her prejudice. She sat idly in the window-seat, not for want of the will to employ herself, but because her eyes had to be spared. The large lustrous brown eyes were from time to time troublesome to their owner, and the inactivity their weakness imposed on one of her active temperament, did more to impair her temper and spirits than a serious misfortune could have done. In the street life was not eventful. A posse of bare-legged ragged children pattered by through the dirt, and a strong-lunged pedlar-woman made the street ring with "Gentlemen's gloves! Good Worcester gloves! Four shillings the pair." The pedlar paused under the window, and held up a pair of gloves temptingly, with wreathed smiles. Mrs. Johnson shook her pretty head—what use had she for gentlemen's gloves?—and retreated into the room.

"Dingley!" she cried sharply, "Dingley, you are asleep."

Dingley sat up very straight, and stuck her needle into her finger. "Asleep?" she repeated, "I swear I was nothing of the kind."

"O you're like the parrot that learned to swear when it was young, and couldn't forget it," returned Esther Johnson, alluding to the frequency with which she had heard this asseveration.

But Dingley continued talking unconscious of the sarcasm:

"Lord knows I often wish I *could* take forty winks as some folks can, being such a bad sleeper. All our family are such bad sleepers, but the others do get their forty winks, while I can't close my eyes, once I'm up. Yet I want it more than any, for I'm sure last night I heard every clock strike."

"I wonder you could hear 'em," replied Mrs. Esther. "I couldn't—you was snoring too loud."

Now it is well known that to be accused of snoring arouses ire in the meekest bosom, and Mrs. Dingley's was not especially meek.

"Lord ha' mercy!" she cried, "was ever such a thing heard? Snoring? Me? Highty tighty! miss, I'd have you to know the

Reverend Dingley, that was my husband half-a-dozen years, never once heard me snore."

"No," returned Esther, with a mischievous laugh, "they never do, the husbands. They're afraid to, poor creatures; they'll be damned for perjury before they'll venture it."

Mrs. Dingley bridled in silent indignation before she replied.

"Mrs. Johnson, I'd have you to know your language is most unbecoming. Fie, miss! An unmarried woman to talk so familiarly about husbands! You'd have some right to speak, if you'd taken one when you'd got the chance."

"Such a chance, Dingley! Sure you yourself thought at the time I might do better, and I think so still."

Mrs. Dingley shook her head dubiously. The little tiff between her and her companion had blown over as quickly as it had come on, for both were irritable, rather than bad-tempered.

"'Tis true, Miss Hetty," she said, "I made sure you'd get a match to your liking before many months were over. But there! Things have turned out very unlucky, and the chance is gone now. Yet I couldn't but think of it when I met Tisdale at the Stoytes t'other day, looking quite the gentleman in a new gown and bands, and Mrs. Tisdale as happy as a queen, with a fine boy just fifteen months old and another expected."

"For shame, Dingley!" returned Esther. "You shouldn't wish I'd robbed the poor lady of her happiness. 'Twould have been like the old tale of the dog in the manger. Fancy being happy to have one child like Tisdale and to be threatened with another!"

"True, the boy did take after his father," said Dingley, "yet I tell you, my dear, 'twas a fine boy all the same."

"Of course," replied Esther, "I knew it. Tisdale must have been a fine boy at fifteen months, with his bouncing cheeks and goggle blue eyes. I should have hated Tisdale at fifteen months. His feet! O do you remember his feet, Dingley, and how P. D. F. R. used to laugh at 'em?"

"Sure, Swift was always pleased enough to laugh at Tisdale, that I know."

"But Dingley, dear Dingley, don't you remember when he came courting that Good Friday, dressed up so smart except for his feet, and they was in great old brown bulging shoes, for all the world like a couple of hot-cross buns? Lord, how P. D. F. R. laughed when I told him!"

"How silly you talk, Hetty! 'Twas well enough when you

was a girl to think your lover must be a beauty, but a woman of your age ought to have greater sense than to suppose a man's looks are here or there when he's your husband. Sure the Reverend Dingley was as the Lord made him, and I never gave his looks a thought from the time we left the church door. I own when we was walking down the church together, and I saw my Aunt Dawson whispering to my cousin Tibbs, I felt afraid lest they should be passing remarks on his shape; but then 'twas but natural *they* should be spiteful on account of the family quarrel about the jewels, my grandmother's jewels that was lost in the——"

"Oh, yes, I know all that," put in Esther hastily, for she had heard the impending anecdote but too often already. "But don't tease, D. D. 'Tis silly to fancy every single woman pining for a husband. Silly—silly, I say."

Mrs. Dingley could have replied something as to the different view of matrimony Mrs. Johnson would have taken, if the Reverend Doctor, who had come forward so honourably three years ago, had been another than Dr. Tisdale. But in spite of his absence, fear of Swift more or less restrained her loquacity in speaking of him to Esther. She contented herself with saying, "Lord, my dear, where's the harm if they do? 'Tis but nature," and would have proceeded to relate in her low, quick, monotonous voice a series of totally uninteresting anecdotes, concerning the marriages of professed spinsters of her acquaintance, if Mrs. Johnson had not cut her short with: "'Tis in the nature of our sex to be foolish, that I know well, but one that hath had the advantage to be educated by Dr. Swift should be above some female weaknesses. I trust, though a female, I have sense enough to see that a parcel of brats would scarce afford pleasure to a woman who detests 'em; nor would they be made more endurable by the addition of a self-important ass of a husband. As to love, 'tis the silliest, tiresomest passion in the world, and the aptest to end in peevishness and wrangling. A woman who has had the happiness to possess the best of friends these twenty years, knows better than to desire so worthless a thing as a lover."

"Marry come up, Hetty!" cried Mrs. Dingley, who, though she had heard these sentiments periodically for years, had never recovered her surprise and indignation at them. "You're a strange girl—and Swift, too, what a strange man! There's quite a couple of you."

She would have liked, but feared, to add that Esther at any rate would have found some advantages in their being made a couple in a matrimonial sense, as a husband could not easily have betaken himself across St. George's Channel for an indefinite period, and left his wife behind him in Dublin. Years ago she had daily expected Swift to make an offer of marriage to Mrs. Johnson, and had repined at the probability of its depriving her of their joint home. Now she felt personally injured and deceived at the offer never having been made. That his insufficient means, real or supposed, alone prevented it, she never doubted, and she and Mrs. Walls and Mrs. Stoyte had long agreed that such caution did not become a clergyman: it argued a want of trust in Providence. If, when the long and vainly expected preferment at last came, Swift was in the same mind as when he left Dublin, they all felt sure that he would return and marry Mrs. Johnson. The question was, would he after so long an absence—no one could as yet put a definite term to it—after having entered as an admired and honoured guest the most distinguished circles in London, after having won fame by his pen and favour by his social qualities, would he be content to return to Esther Johnson? Beautiful she was and witty, but after all only the daughter of Sir William Temple's steward. Swift's old Dublin acquaintances knew well that though he never spoke of it, he never forgot his birth was gentle, and that in spite of his practical benevolence to his sister Mrs. Fenton, he resented her husband's plebeian person and calling as much as his bad character. He who trampled on nobles and treated his social inferiors with punctilious courtesy, would not for a coronet have been supposed the born equal of those inferiors. His enemies in the Temple family knew well how to mortify him when they set it about that he had occupied a menial position in the household at Moor Park. It was a sufficient humiliation to his haughty nature to remember that he had occupied a dependent one, and had trembled at a master's frown. He remained grateful to the memory of that severe master; but he liked to reflect that he was now a more influential political personage than Sir William had been in his most self-important days. By marrying Mrs. Esther Johnson he would confirm the calumnies of the Temples, for her mother was still a sort of housekeeper to Sir William's sister, Lady Gifford. Esther herself had while a young child, been given a special position at Moor Park. Sir



William's honoured lady had spent many pleasant hours at play with the little maid, whose baby beauty and activity had triumphed over the disadvantages of a tight linen cap and a long dress. After her ladyship's death the recollection of this would alone have recommended the child to Sir William, had not her native grace and charm been enough to do so. When Swift arrived at Moor Park, a young man of twenty, Esther was six years old and the pet of the household. When Sir William had sent for the new secretary after dinner, he was too nervous to notice at the time, but afterwards remembered, a little black-eyed girl who stood at the great man's elbow cracking nuts for him by dint of vast exertions, and occasionally receiving a sip of Malaga as a reward. When the recollection of Dorothy, Lady Temple, had somewhat faded from the memory of the household, the servants of Moor Park invented a legend which accounted for the partiality of their master for little Miss Hetty, by supposing her to be more nearly related to him than he cared to acknowledge; his will, which secured to her a small independence, gave some colour to the invention. Such was the origin of Esther Johnson, and the explanation of much that was anomalous in her position. She had a mother and a sister living, but her social education had made it difficult for her to share her life with them, even had her means permitted her to support them. She continued on friendly and even affectionate terms with them, but after Sir William Temple's death she joined her small income to that of Mrs. Dingley and set up house with her. It had needed little persuasion on Swift's part to induce them to leave Farnham for Dublin, on the plea that money bore a higher interest in Ireland than in England, and they had now passed twelve years in that country, sometimes at Trim, sometimes in Dublin. When Swift had left Ireland some two years before, as an envoy from the Irish clergy to the Queen's Government, it was thought that his absence would be short; but when his cause was won, and those for whom he had won it treated him neither with gratitude nor honour, while in London the leaders of the Tory party were bidding eagerly for his support, he was easily persuaded to remain there. With St. John and Harley and Mrs. Masham, all honestly anxious to serve him, it seemed inevitable that he should rise high in the Church, and that before long. The one obstacle to his promotion was the Queen's prejudice against him. The Archbishop of York had impressed upon Her Majesty that Dr. Swift's



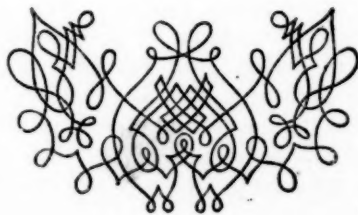
"Tale of a Tub" proved him little better than an infidel, which indeed his Grace had always suspected him of being. Her favourite, the Duchess of Somerset, had implored her with tears not to promote so remorseless a foe of the fair petitioner's. Queen Anne, who was determined since her escape from the tyranny of the Marlboroughs to show her Ministers from time to time she had a will of her own, selected the point of Dr. Swift's promotion as a fitting one on which to oppose them. It was sufficiently simple and unimportant to admit of her doing so, without any undue strain on her feeble intellectual and moral faculties. Meantime Swift, ignorant of this real opponent, lingered on in London, pamphleteering for, dining with, domineering over the most powerful men in the kingdom, and able to obtain favours for everybody except himself. Sometimes in his letters he talked of retiring in disgust to his canals and his fruit-trees at his vicarage of Laracor. He talked of it, but he never came.

"'Tis a long time, ain't it, since we got a packet from London?" said Dingley, after an interval of silence. Mrs. Johnson was staring at the grate, so black and cheerless it looked as though it never could have been or be again a thing of warmth and cheerfulness.

"No longer than I should expect," she answered sharply. "He told us not to look for journals, while State matters were so heavy upon him."

And she shivered a little as she spoke, for the night was certainly cold.

*(To be continued.)*



## RENAISSANCE COOKERY.



AT no period and in no country has luxury, combined with the finest sense of the beautiful, prevailed to a greater extent than in Italy during the sixteenth century. The arts—architecture, sculpture and painting—encouraged and protected by the great and wealthy, flourished in all parts of the Peninsula. Sumptuous edifices—churches, town-halls, and palaces, in which the three were combined—rose on all sides. The dresses of the upper classes were distinguished by extraordinary richness of material and elegance of ornament. Religious processions and Church ceremonies were celebrated with the utmost pomp and splendour. Popes, Republics, such as Venice and Florence, and even petty princes vied with each other in the magnificence of their public festivals, and in the costliness of the entertainments accorded to illustrious guests. An almost invariable feature on these latter occasions was the banquet, which, in sumptuousness, in the variety and choiceness of the viands, and in the beauty of the gold and silver plate, used and displayed, corresponded with the high standard of taste which then existed. Of the unrivalled edifices, erected at this period, many still remain; whilst the ruins of others bear witness to what they once had been. The sacred and other great festivals have been described by historians, and represented by contemporary painters. The gorgeous dresses, with their exquisite adornments of jewelry and lace, are seen in the portraits of Titian, Paul Veronese, and Bronzino, and in the pictures of Carpaccio, Paris Bordone, and Bonifazio. But to learn about the banquets and dinners of the time—how the viands were cooked, the nature of the dishes and how they were served—we must go to rare books of the sixteenth century which treat of these matters.

The learned Platina, who wrote about Cooks as well as Popes, published in Latin, towards the end of the fifteenth century, his

treatise upon the varieties of human food, the different ways of preparing them, and their effect upon health. One Christopher, a native of Moosburg in Bavaria—Christoforo di Messisburgo, as he styles himself—in his 'Banchetti,' first published at Ferrara in 1549, gives directions for preparing various dishes and for serving dinners of which he adds the "menus." Domenico Romoli, in his 'Singolare Dottrina,' published at Venice in 1587, mentions the proper season for eating the flesh of various beasts, fowls and fish, and how they should be cooked, and proposes a "menu" for every day in the year. Vincenzo Cervio—in his 'Trinciante' (the Carver)—a rare work published at Venice in 1581—treats of the duties of that office, one considered of great importance in noble houses, shows how every manner of dish should be cut and carved, and describes banquets given by Popes, Princes, and other exalted personages. A thick volume by Bartolomeo Scappi, who had been private cook (*cuoco secreto*) to Pius V., first published at Venice in 1570, is the most complete work on this subject. It treats of the ways of dressing the flesh of different animals, birds and fish, and of the dishes to be eaten on fast days and in Lent, gives directions for preparing pies and pastry of all sorts, and "menus" for every season of the year, for great banquets and common dinners, adding receipts for the food of the sick and convalescent, and contains representations of the various utensils and instruments required by the cook. Of a later date we have the 'Pratica Escalcaria' of Antonio Frugoli, entitled 'Pianta di delicati Frutti da servirsi a qualsivoglia Mensa di Principi et gran Signori, et a persone ordinarie ancora,' first published at Rome in 1635. One Mattia Giegher, also a Bavarian from Moosburg, carver to the most "illustrious German nation" at Padua, published in that city in 1639, 'I tre Trattati,' on cooking and carving. Vittorio Lancellotti of Camerino, in his work entitled 'Lo Scalco prattico,' printed at Rome in 1627, gives the "menus" of a number of banquets served for the most part in the palace of Cardinal Ippolito Aldobrandino.

These works, all of more or less rarity, furnish ample information as to Italian cookery in the sixteenth century, as to the dishes served at banquets and at private dinners, and give receipts for their preparation. Italian dinners were then divided into two parts, each consisting of several courses, some of which came from the "Credenza," sideboard or buffet, and others direct from the kitchen. On the "Credenza" were displayed the gold and silver plate and various cold meats, and pies, salt fish, caviare,

bottarga, and other relishes to stimulate the appetite, fruit, sweet pastry, and confectionery. The "servizio di Cucina" were hot dishes brought from the kitchen and taken at once to the carver, and, when cut up, placed upon the table. The dinner began by a first course from the "Credenza," which was followed by one from the kitchen. Sometimes there were three, or even four, of each, alternating, and each comprising some twenty or thirty dishes. Fruit, sweetmeats, and confectionery, in great variety, were handed round after the table-cloth had been removed. Even the most modest repast appears to have consisted of two courses from the "Credenza" and two from the kitchen. The number and variety of the dishes served on great occasions appear almost incredible. One is at a loss to imagine how any human being could partake of even a small part of them, and it is not surprising that a dinner lasted three or four hours, and sometimes even longer, or that the higher clergy—Cardinals appear to have been especially addicted to these prodigal feasts—were denounced by the Lutheran heretics for their luxurious living and their gluttony.\* Even on fast days and in Lent, when it might be supposed that these pious ecclesiastics, who were busily engaged in roasting Protestants for eating meat at such times, might have placed some restraint upon their appetites, their repasts were as sumptuous and abundant as they were varied.

Cervio, in his 'Trinciante,' has the following account of a banquet offered by Cardinal Campeggio—the Papal Legate to Henry VIII.—to the Emperor Charles V. on his entry into Rome in Lent, in 1536. The table was covered with four perfumed and richly embroidered table-cloths, upon which were placed twelve napkins of similar beauty. In the first course from the "Credenza" were Pisan and Roman biscuits, with Malmsey served in little golden cups, cakes, some gilt, others moulded in various shapes, pine-kernels, oranges, fritters made of chick-peas, sugar, raisins, and dates. This course was followed by one from the kitchen consisting of various sorts of fish and light viands (*arrosto sottile*), such as large lampreys, slices of sturgeon roasted on the spit, with their appropriate sauce, grilled shad with a

\* M. Siméon Luce, in his interesting work, 'La France pendant la Guerre de cent ans' (p. 348), informs us that at a dinner given at Paris by the Prior of Saint Martin des Champs to the counsellors of his monastery and to the Mayor and Prévôts of the district on Sunday, May 24, 1405, there were served thirty-six pies, twelve capons "au blanc," six roast capons, two chevreaux, three dozen chickens, six fat goslings, four dozen pigeons, three dozen sweet tarts, and fifty apples.

sauce of raisins boiled in wine, small lampreys from the Tiber, pickled carp served cold with a sauce of sugar and red vinegar, a "mariné" (*marinatura*) of trout, a "macedoine" of plums, pies of large lampreys, patties of the roe and liver of the "ombrina" (a delicate fish), olives from Crete, and fish jelly made in a form with ornaments in "mezzo-rilievo." In the second course from the kitchen were sixteen dishes, including soups and pottages; pieces of sturgeon, with prunes and dried sour cherries; sucking-pig with dates; "calamaretti" (little cuttlefish) with raisins; lampreys; Turbot "alla Veneziana"; shad cut up and served hot; trout boiled in wine and spices, and garnished with gilly-flowers; pies of sardines; "tarantella" (a part of the tunny fish, salted); "mouthfuls" of fish-jelly of a golden colour; and pike in a pottage "alla Tedesca" (German fashion). The third course from the kitchen was principally of boiled fish and pastry, including heads of sturgeon plain boiled, and garnished with purple and yellow gilly-flowers; pike with a sauce called "miraus;" trout boiled in wine and spices, and garnished with pimpernel; various pies and patties; "bianco-magnare" made of the flesh of pike beaten into a pulp with fine sugar; pastry in the form of the Imperial arms; and a vase made of white jelly, gilt.

The banquet ended with a second course from the "Credenza" of fourteen dishes, including a sort of thistle (*cardo*) served with pepper and salt, fresh almonds, walnuts, pears stewed in sugar, quinces boiled in wine, sugar and cinnamon, preserved cherries boiled in wine and sugar, and various kinds of sweet pastry. Between each course the napkins, knives, forks and spoons were changed, and perfumed water in silver-gilt basins was offered to the company to wash their hands. Considering that this dinner was given on a fast day, the Emperor and Cardinals, and other dignitaries who partook of it, cannot be said to have been subjected to severe mortification. If they had to complain, it must have been from indigestion.

Cervio's work contains other descriptions of great banquets, some of which are highly curious. The following is the account given of one on the marriage of the Prince, afterwards Duke, of Mantua in 1581. After the company had been entertained with a most delightful comedy, a magnificent hall, sumptuously decorated, was thrown open. The table, raised on a dais of four steps, was so placed that all the guests sat with their backs to the wall. They were thirteen—no superstition apparently then existed with respect to this number—three

Cardinals, three Dukes, two Duchesses, one Prince, one Princess, one Marquis and one Marchioness, and the host—a goodly company. Each occupied a large Spanish chair. No servants or other persons were allowed to be on the opposite side of the table, in order not to interrupt the view of a second table placed in the middle of the hall, at which sat one hundred ladies of the greatest beauty, all most splendidly attired. The guests, after having washed their hands in perfumed water, handed to them in marvellously embossed silver basins, took their seats to the sound of the sweetest music. Nothing could exceed the magnificence of the “Credenza,” with its display of gold and silver plate, and of glasses, bottles and vases of Venice glass—the latter in such abundance that it might have been supposed that all the shops at Murano had been ransacked to procure them. Such a large supply was indeed necessary, as it was the custom, says Cervio, for the ladies to break their glasses after they had drank, to show that they were in a gay and mirthful mood—perhaps a little tipsy. The noise these ladies made was further increased by four bands of musicians placed high up in the four corners of the room. The banquet lasted for four hours.

In the first course from the “Credenza” were the following curious dishes. Salads of citron in the shape of animals, castles of turnips, walls of lemons, game pasties in the form of lions, black eagles of pastry, pies containing pheasants which appeared to be alive, white peacocks with their tails spread, and decked with ribands of silk and gold, strutting about with amorous gait, as if living, and three statues of marchpane, each four palms in height, representing the Horse of the Capitol, and Hercules with the Lion. The napkins were marvellously embroidered, and produced a wonderful effect, mingled as they were with bandrols bearing the arms of the Cardinals and other great persons present. The first course from the kitchen was of eighteen dishes, including roast ortolans, quails, turkeys—a bird, we are told, only recently introduced into Italy—francolins, grey partridges and pigeons. A veal-pie, with capers and olives, is called “alla Inglese.” The second course from the kitchen was of nineteen dishes—chiefly pies, game stuffed with various condiments, and jellies. Three castles made of pastry called “pasta real,” adorned with *fleurs de lis*, and each having a black eagle—the arms of Este—in the centre. Artificial fire issuing from the ramparts filled the hall with the most delightful perfume. Other dishes were roast turkeys stuffed with ortolans and garnished with asparagus boiled in butter,



sticks of cinnamon and big truffles, roast sucking-pigs, and pheasants stewed with pomegranate-seeds.

The table having been cleared, and perfumed water and scented tooth-picks having been handed round, and bread, clean spoons, forks and gilt knives and fresh napkins having been placed on the table, a third course of twenty-five dishes was served. They were principally of fish, such as sepias, pike, trout, red mullet, turbot, carp from the Lake of Garda, and oysters. Fruits of various kinds were next brought from the "Credenza," and divers sorts of pies most cunningly imagined. One was in the form of a castle, out of which came perfumed rabbits with coral beads attached to their feet and little silver bells round their necks; red-legged partridges with their wings cut, draped in cloth of gold, with crowns on their heads; leverets and small birds; and lastly, a ship laden with nose-gays and toothpicks.

There was a further course from the "Credenza" of sweet dishes, comfits, marmalades, candied fruit and other confectionery, of no less than thirty-eight kinds, served in vases of gold and silver of the utmost beauty, with knives, forks, and spoons of the same precious metals. Three statues of sugar, each three palms high, represented Meleager and the wild boar, a camel ridden by a Moorish king, and an elephant bearing a castle filled with men armed with bows and arrows and stones. But the most wonderful dish was reserved for the last. A monster pie was placed on the table. When opened, out stepped a boy with his face and hands blackened to represent a negro, dressed in red silk, after the Moorish fashion, and having a slave's collar round his neck. He advanced smiling, and presented to each guest a most precious pair of gloves, of amber colour, worth no less than twenty-five scudi the pair. To the ladies as they retired were offered lap-dogs, which afforded them the greatest delight.

Cervio showed his genius in devising new ways of dressing a table, with a view to causing surprise and amusement to the guests. Here is a suggestion which, he says, could be carried out at comparatively small expense. Several small tables should be placed together on strong tressels so as to form one long one, at which only ladies are to sit. Under this table is to be a trellice covered with odoriferous herbs, roses, other flowers and fruits, according to the time of year, forming a square, in the centre of which is to be a tank filled with fish, eels, tortoises, prawns and frogs. Grass is to be laid down round the pond, with boughs stuck into

it to represent trees, amongst which are to be leverets, rabbits, guinea-pigs and various birds, tied with ribands of divers colours, so that this garden may have a wild appearance. To the trees are to be hung boxes of sugar-plums, nosegays, and black gloves lined with yellow, of the value of a scudo the pair, or more, according to what the giver of the banquet is prepared to spend. The tables, which are to be gilt and adorned with silk, are then to be covered with a very long, wide and richly-embroidered table-cloth, which, falling on all sides to the ground, must conceal all that is beneath them. At the end of the repast the attendants should quickly carry the tables away, lifting them over the heads of the ladies—taking great care not to derange their head-dresses. They, the ladies, would then find themselves beside the garden and the lake, and each one would take a box of comfits, and a small animal or bird, and, a little net being handed to her, might catch the fish, to her great amusement and delight. Engravings of the garden and fish-pond illustrate Cervio's pleasant conceit.

Cervio is careful to mention that the napkins placed on the "Credenza," and on the dinner-table, should be folded with artistic skill, and arranged so as to represent Roman temples, triumphal arches, and all manner of animals, such as elephants, camels, and lions, and birds and other objects. The folding of napkins in the sixteenth century appears to have been almost reckoned amongst the fine arts. Messer Mattea Giegher, in his 'Tre Trattati,' gives the fullest directions on the subject, illustrated by engravings showing the proper position of the hands in folding a napkin, with above seventy examples of the forms in which one can be fashioned by a diligent student of an art which is still practised with some success by waiters in Italian hotels.

The banquet given at Rome in Lent by the Portuguese ambassador, when he did homage for his sovereign to Clement III. for the Kingdom of Portugal, was "bellissimo." Twenty Cardinals and three ambassadors were present at it, and the dinner consisted of three courses from the "Credenza," and three from the kitchen, with above eighty dishes—all of "maigre." Amongst the delicacies served were boiled locusts, the tails of sea-lions (*leoni di mare*), cockle-shells, snails from Brescia, and frogs. Such a variety and abundance of viands have rarely been seen, even at a Lord Mayor's feast. In the last course of the "Credenza," to each of the guests was given a silver-gilt "tazza" of extraordinary beauty, which contained a large thistle (*cardo*)

made of sugar, standing in a jelly of the colour of earth, so that it appeared to have actually grown there—the invention of an old man from Portugal, who was the author of a number of most beautiful devices of this nature. Fusoritto, the disciple of Cervio and editor of his book, says that he was so much delighted with it that he could not help taking (? stealing) one of the “tazzas,” in memory of his revered patron and master, Cardinal Farnese.

A dinner was given in November 1589, by Marcantonio Colonna, Grand Constable of Naples, on his marriage with the Princess Orsini Peretti, niece of Pius V., at which several Cardinals were present. On the plates were little figures of boys, holding shields on which were the arms of the guests—so that they could find their places without causing confusion—and Cupids and angels holding labels, with amorous mottoes, and nosegays. The first course of the “Credenza” was of twenty-one dishes, including salads of radishes, capers and kids’ feet, heads of wild boars boiled in wine, with their snouts silvered and artificial fire issuing from them, garnished with herbs and flowers; salted buffalo-tongues boiled in wine; cock pheasants on their feet, as if alive, and holding perfumes in their beaks; and roast peacocks served with a sauce made of pomegranates and lemons, their beaks and feet gilt, and their beautiful necks and tails displayed. In the first course of hot meats were the most delicate birds—ortolans, pheasants, woodcocks, larks and “tordi” (field-fares); in the second, of twenty dishes, calves’ heads with stuffing, roasted on the spit, Bologna sausages, capons stuffed with chestnuts, roast red-legged partridges in paper garnished with sour oranges, roast grey partridges stuffed in the Spanish fashion and sprinkled with rose-water, and a sweet dish called “bocche di dame” (ladies’ mouths), made by the nuns. The third course was of eighteen dishes, amongst which were pheasants stuffed with truffles, olives and fresh fennel, garnished with sour oranges and fennel, roast sucking-pigs, peacocks larded with lampreys and stuffed with truffles, Indian pigeons, large truffles surmounted by imperial crowns, tender crabs, eaten with salt and vinegar, with a ducal coronet upon each, and lobsters crowned with the Papal tiara. The second course of the “Credenza,” consisted of twelve dishes, amongst which were entire truffles served in napkins, and sweet fennel and thistles, served with butter in silver plates, and garnished with sour oranges and ginger. After the dinner were handed round sweetmeats from different parts of Italy,

such as preserved fruits from Genoa, which is still renowned for them, quince-cheese of Naples, "vasetti" from Bologna, "persicata" (peach-cheese), also from Genoa; little boxes (of comfits) from the Romagna, sticks of cinnamon from Bergamo, and bonbons from Foligno, and Portuguese marmalade.

Christoforo di Messisburgo was the "chef" of Don Hippolito of Este, Cardinal of Ferrara. His book is illustrated with the portrait, in a beautiful frame, of the author, a person of a grave and dignified appearance, and by two quaint engravings representing a banquet and a kitchen, apparently in the open air. In the banquet scene two richly-dressed personages, evidently of high rank, as they wear the collar of some order, sit at the head of the table with a lady between them, whilst six gentlemen and a damsel occupy, on its three other sides, very uncomfortable forms. Manners at that time seem to have been somewhat free and easy, as one of the gentlemen has his arm round the waist of the lady whilst she has hers round his neck. On the table are various dishes, and on the "Credenza" gold and silver vessels and fruit.

Christoforo gives receipts for a vast variety of dishes, and describes some of the dinners and suppers which he himself prepared. Amongst them a fish supper (*Cena di pesce*) offered by his master, the Cardinal, to Hercules, then Duke of Chartres, his brother, to Madama Renea, the Duke's wife, and to other illustrious gentlemen and gentlewomen. The table was spread in a garden, and was decorated with splendid plate, allegorical figures in sugar, and napkins "divinely folded." The number of dishes was truly appalling. There were no less than about one hundred and fifty, divided into nineteen courses. During each course there was a concert of instruments and voices, or dances were performed, or buffoons entertained the company in the Bergamasque and Venetian manner. During the first course three trombones and three cornets produced such divine harmony, that those present thought that they were listening to music from on high. Then came a harp, a flute, and a "cavacembalo" (a kind of spinet); next a "dolzaina" (hautboy), a violin, two cornemuses, and a guitar; and so on. The dancers, young men and very fair damsels, were accompanied by the tambourine player of the Duchess. The pipers beginning to play, the guests thought that the banquet was over; but they had only got half-way through it. A fresh series of courses commenced. A damsel, splendidly attired, sang madrigals divinely,

accompanying herself on the lute; the pipers executed a "Moresca" by torchlight; a man dressed as Orpheus played on the lyre; and four French boys sung, very beautifully, some "canzoni di gorga." It would take up too much space to describe the variety of soups, fish dressed in different ways, pastry, confectionery, and fruit served on this occasion. The repast ended with four hundred fried oysters.

After the banquet a silver boat was brought in filled with necklaces, bracelets, earrings, perfumed gloves, and many pretty trinkets which were distributed to the ladies. Twenty-four pipers then began to play, and escorted the company to their respective homes, accompanied by servants in livery, bearing torches.

At another supper given, on the 23rd of January, 1529, by Don Ercole of Este to 104 illustrious persons—Cardinals, ambassadors, and ladies of exalted rank, after they had been entertained with a comedy written by Messer Lodovico Ariosto—there were more than 100 different dishes—including 52 pheasants, 50 francolins, 50 partridges, 200 fried barbel, 104 carp, 25 sucking-pigs, 14 castles and 12 towers formed of truffles, and 2000 oysters. After supper there was a lottery in which the prizes were jewelry and ornaments of great value. The tables having been removed, and the hall swept and sprinkled with water, the company began to dance at half-past eight o'clock of the night. At eleven o'clock a collation of sweetmeats, jellies, and fruits was served, and fifty attendants went round with flagons of sugared water. Dancing was afterwards continued until daylight.

Christoforo gives many other "menus" of dinners and suppers, distinguished by the number and variety of the dishes. On one occasion 1600 oysters were served for 104 guests. Every kind of wine was ready—white, red, sweet, rough, new and old, strong and light, with water and without—so that each person present might ask for that which was most to his taste.

Cervio was "Trinciante," or carver, to Cardinal Farnese. This office was considered a very high and important one in the household of a great personage. The son of the Knight in Chaucer's Prologue, it will be remembered,

"Carf before his fader at the table."

The "Trinciante" had, as occasion required, several assistants. It was the custom at banquets that there should be a carver to every six persons. Cervio describes the qualifications of a



carver. He should be of good family, and, if he desire to serve a great nobleman, it would be of much advantage to him if he were of noble birth. But he must be of modest demeanour, and of exemplary conduct. He should be well-dressed, and have servants and horses, so that he may uphold the reputation of his honourable office, and appear in a suitable manner before his master—for if in shabby clothes, although the most skilful carver in the world, he would be held in little esteem. He should not be lame, nor should he squint, nor be deformed in any limb, nor be too tall nor too short. He should never speak to his master or the guests, except when spoken to, nor should he, as some servants do, rest his hands upon the table, and talk to his lord as if he were his brother, and seek to be facetious—a habit not rare amongst modern Italian waiters. He should be bold, but not presumptuous, and should never lose his head when having much to do. Cervio boasts that by observing these rules he was held in high honour by the Cardinal, his master. He will not condescend to recognise as “Trincianti,” certain people whom he had seen at Rome, Venice, Bologna and Florence, and especially in Lombardy—barbers and such-like, who pretended to belong to that noble profession, and who had no more right to be reckoned carvers than cobblers have to be reckoned shoemakers, and who, having stuck a napkin in their girdles like an apron, and turned up their shirt-sleeves, looked as if they were about to do butchers’ work. These fellows plunge a great fork into a capon or a joint of meat, which they place on the carving-board, and proceed to anatomise without reflection or discretion. Cervio trusts that no gentleman will learn to carve after this fashion.

The highest office in the household of a great Italian personage in the sixteenth century was, however, that of the “Scalco.” He was not, Frugoli tells us in his ‘Escalcaria,’ or treatise on the subject, the Spanish “Mastro Sala,” or the French “Mestre d’Utel,” although he combined their special duties with his own. He had the general direction and control of all the other servants, of the kitchen and of the “Credenza,” ordered the manner in which the dinner should be served, and selected the dishes—the principal of which it was his duty to place upon the table. He had, we are told, the life and honour of his master in his hands—his life, as it was not an uncommon practice to put poison into the food of rivals in love, or enemies in politics; his honour, as the honour of a great man was estimated by the magnificence and extrava-



gance of his entertainments. The "Scalco" should be amiable, courteous, and pleasing, and should not endeavour to make himself respected and obeyed by shouting and abusing those under him. He should dress in black, and have that grave and dignified aspect which becomes a man in so honourable a position, and should wear the "cappa and spada"—the short cloak and sword.

After the "Scalco" and "Trinciante" came the "Credenziero," who had charge of the "Credenza" and of the plate and linen, for the safe custody, good order, and cleanliness of which he was held responsible. The wine was in the keeping of the "Bottigliere," or butler. The cook held a very responsible charge in times when great people lived in the constant fear of poison. It was essential that he should be thoroughly honest and trustworthy, and affectionately devoted to his master, so that no bribe could induce him to compass that master's death or injury. Romoli, in his '*Singolare Dottrina*,' says that he constantly meditated on the importance of this office in the households of princes and nobles, whose lives were at the mercy of their cooks, and that whilst himself holding it he was in constant terror, and when retiring from it he returned thanks to God that he had acquitted himself with honour. The cook, he observes, should always keep his eyes open, and should ever bear in mind the dangerous position in which he is placed. He was not to allow idlers in the kitchen, nor permit any one except those in whom he had entire confidence to touch the dishes, for fear of treachery. He recommends the employment of Italians as cooks, rather than of persons coming from the other side of the Alps. Other servants in a great establishment of the sixteenth century were the "Coppiere," or cupbearer, who handed the wine; the "Spenditore," who had the control of the expenses; and the "Dispensiero," who had charge of the "dispensa," where the provisions were kept, and who had to account to the "Scalco" for the bread, wine, and other articles of food given out for daily consumption, as well as for the corn for the horses.

Bartolomeo Scappi, judging from his portrait, which he presents to us, must have been a gentleman of dignified and senatorial appearance. His book was written, he tells us, for the instruction of Giovanni, his pupil, who was recommended to him by Cardinal Carpi, and who had been brought up from his tenderest age to the profession of a cook, of which profession Scappi desired to make the boy an honour. Giovanni

had reached an age when he was capable of distinguishing right from wrong, consequently his master wished to initiate him in all his secrets, so that the said Giovanni might prove a credit to him. He commences by describing what a head cook, or "chef," should be; how, like a great architect engaged in erecting a building, he should first conceive the general design and plan of a dinner, and then, after laying a sure and solid foundation, should proceed to raise upon it curious, useful, and marvellous embellishments. He should have a full knowledge of every kind of beast, fowl, fish, and vegetable fit for human food, and of the proper season for placing them on the table. Moreover, he should have a perfect acquaintance with the tastes and preferences of his master. He proceeds to give directions as to the site, design, and arrangements for a kitchen—which should be spacious, airy, and cheerful. He then describes the various utensils and instruments required by the cook, of which he gives a list of considerably above one hundred, illustrating his descriptions by engravings. He insists that the kitchen should be at some distance from the dwelling-house, to avoid the danger of people having access to it who might tamper with the food in preparation, the dread of poison always prevailing. He then shows how to judge of various condiments, and how to keep fresh such things as oil, lard, butter, and cheese, and mentions the wines best suited for making sauces. He will not venture to speak of the salary of a head cook—that must depend upon his capacity and upon the generosity of his employer; but in good houses he should be furnished with a suitable room and bed, and candles and brooms, and with as much firewood in winter as is accorded to the gentlemen of the household. For his board he should have three pounds of bread a day, and at least three "fogliette" (about one pint and a half) of wine, such as is served at those gentlemen's table. In great houses it was usual for him to receive daily two and a half pounds of veal or beef, and a capon or a fowl, and on fast days two and a half pounds of fish and eight eggs. He should be provided with a horse, in order that he may accompany his master on journeys, when he ought to have with him an "aide," pastry-cooks, scullions, porters, muleteers, and others. He and his assistants should receive at least once a year a complete suit of new clothes.

Having instructed his pupil in the duties of a cook, he proceeds to give about 280 receipts for roasting, boiling, and otherwise preparing for the table the flesh of beasts and birds of various

kinds, and for the proper sauces, and for soups, "fricassee," mince-meat pies and other dishes.\* Amongst the animals fit for eating are mentioned, the chamois, the stag, the fallow-deer, wild boar, bear, porcupine, hedgehog, hares, rabbits, guinea-pigs, and dormice. Amongst birds, nightingales, sparrows, redbreasts, "becca-fichi," and swallows; ortolans, pheasants, red and grey partridges, francolins, peacocks, pea-fowl, cranes, herons, and wild geese. For the various ways of cooking all these beasts and birds, he gives receipts. That for dressing bear's flesh may be quoted. "The bear must be young and must be caught at the proper season of the year, which is winter; for although, on account of its food, it is much fatter in July, the flesh smells less strongly in cold weather. Having first skinned the animal, you must take the best parts of the carcase, such as the haunches and the shoulders, and keep them until they are sufficiently tender. Before putting them on the spit leave them for a short time on a gridiron, and sprinkle them with salt, fennel, pepper, cinnamon, and cloves. Then roast them as you would the same parts of a goat. You can make the same dishes of bear's meat as you can of venison, but it is not much esteemed, nor is it commonly eaten." Nevertheless, Scappi informs us that he had often dressed it. He gives elaborate directions for cooking the porcupine—an animal still occasionally served in a Roman "Trattoria." It is in season from the beginning of October to the end of January; at other times it has a disagreeable odour. It should be prepared with garlic, cloves, and rosemary, so as to remove any unpleasant smell; and should be served hot, with a sauce made of boiled must, red vinegar, pepper, cinnamon, cloves, and its own gravy.

A boar's head was considered a great ornament to the "Credenza," as well as a great delicacy. It was boiled in wine, vinegar, rosemary, sage and salt, and eaten cold, and when served, its tusks and snout were frequently gilt, and it was garnished

\* We find many dishes in Italian cookery-books of the period the names of which are familiar to us, such as fricassee, blanca-mangiar, marmalada, mariné, anchoe, Gioncata, &c. The light French wines were known as "Clarette." Frugoli gives the following receipt for making an English pie (*pasticcio all' Inglese*). "Take 'piccadiglio' of the flesh of any good fish, half a pound of 'passirina' (?), half a pound of pine-kernels, a locust cut into pieces, fifty tails of craw-fish, twenty-four 'peretta' of frogs, thirty oysters, half a pound of 'tarantello' (a part of the interior of the sturgeon salted) with the salt removed, and half a pound of the rinds of Cretan citrons; the crusts to be made of six pounds of flour; to be served hot, after the English fashion." Was any such strange compound known to our ancestors, and if not, why was this pie called "all' Inglese"?

with lemons and sweet herbs and decorated with flowers. Cervio tells us that it was brought to the table with a dressed crane—a bird, however, rarely eaten, as its flesh, like that of the heron, is hard and unpalatable. A calf's head, although very good when properly cooked, was not often seen on the tables of the great. Cow-beef, Scappi says, is more fit for a peasant than for a gentleman, but if from a young animal, and fat and tender, is most excellent. The carver ought to apply himself most diligently to learn how to carve it, as it will afford a test of his skill. If he can carve a piece of cow-beef well, he will be able to carve most other things. Sucking-pigs, when small and fat, and especially when properly stuffed, are supremely good; but they are indigestible, and should only be served one or twice in the year. They should be roasted on the spit and served hot. Black-puddings are mentioned in the "menus," and Romoli shows how they should be made.

Sauces of many kinds were served with the meat. One of the most common was the "bronegro," a corruption of "brodo negro," (black broth). Scappi gives the following receipt for making it. "Take two pounds of quinces cut into slices, one pound of dry grapes, one of dried prunes, and two of red raisins and 'Schiava' (? Dalmatian) grapes, one of mixed sweet and sour oranges, six ounces of toasted bread, eight ounces of Greek wine, two pounds of boiled must, and two of red wine, three-quarters (? of an ounce) of ground pepper, one ounce of cinnamon, one of mixed nutmegs and cloves, and three ounces of pounded spices. Put them in a pipkin, which place to boil, at some distance from the fire, with the cover on. When boiled, pass through a sieve, and add four ounces of sour orange juice. If not sufficiently sweet, add some sugar and put it to warm again. Then allow it to cool, and serve it sprinkled with sugar and cinnamon. If for roast game, mix with a little broth to make it more liquid." "Piccadiglio," a name which is familiar to us from that of a well-known London thoroughfare where Italians who prepared it once lived, was the flesh of animals, birds, or fish minced, with spices and various condiments, and was used for seasoning dishes and for stuffing. Pies of "Piccadiglio" of the flesh of pheasants were esteemed a great delicacy.

All manner of small birds were eaten in the sixteenth century by the Italians as they are at the present day. Most persons who have been at Rome in winter will remember the strings of these unfortunate little creatures which are hung up in the

shops of the poulterers and greengrocers. Hawks, owls, crows, cuckoos, and other birds of prey, are associated with their victims—such as robin-redbreasts, goldfinches, linnets, nightingales, and other birds which in England are placed in a cage for their song and in Italy on the spit for their flavour. Frugoli in his 'Escalcaria' even mentions the ostrich as fit for the table; but he cannot recommend it, as its flesh is of bad quality, and the bird not easily obtained. He does not, therefore, give a receipt for dressing it; but he reminds his readers that the Emperor Heliogabalus had the heads of six hundred ostriches brought to his table, only to eat of their brains. Scappi recommends that all small birds, and especially the delicious "beccaficho" (the best came from Cyprus through Venice) and ortolans, should be roasted on the spit, wrapt up in lard and sage-leaves, and should be served hot, placed on crust made of fine flour, pounded sugar and fennel. It is painful to find him classing with these delicate morsels the swallow, which he says should be eaten young from the end of April to the end of June.

After giving directions for cooking beasts and birds, Scappi turns to fish. For dressing them he gives no less than 218 receipts, of which twenty-six refer to the sturgeon. Cervio calls the sturgeon "il più honorato de' pesci," and tells us that the best came from a branch of the Po, near Ferrara. They are in season from the beginning of March to the end of August; but are good eating all the year round if they can be had. Salmon were sometimes served at great banquets, but were rare in Italy, except salted. They were brought from Gascony. The shad was reckoned a special delicacy. Lampreys are fish of great price, and, says Cervio, much relished by gluttons. They should be cooked in their own juice, and are equally good whether eaten hot or cold. Amongst fish are mentioned eels, "calamari" (cuttlefish), sepias, frogs, turtles, tortoises, crabs, snails, and a variety of shell-fish scarcely eaten out of Italy.

Fruits in great variety and abundance were placed on the "Credenza." Seventeen different kinds of apples are mentioned. The melon was considered "the king of fruits." Amongst vegetables the thistle (*cardo*) was esteemed a delicacy, and was generally served with fruit at the end of a dinner. The thorny thistles, with well-grown white stalks, are the best. The *cardo* includes the artichoke, but that the name usually applied to the common thistle is shown by the quaint remark of Romoli, in his 'Singolare Dottrina,' that it should not be

eaten with milk, which it has the property of curdling, and consequently this process would take place in your stomach; but it should be eaten with pepper, which does not generate wind and clears the liver; and such is the reason why donkeys, who eat largely of thistles, have better stomachs than men.

Having shown what people in good health may eat, Scappi proceeds to give two hundred receipts for cooking food for the sick and convalescent, and informs his pupil that he would fail in his duty were he not to do so. He consequently describes how broths, soups, jellies, barley-water and other such things should be made. He specially recommends light soups made of oysters, snails, frogs, tortoises and turtles.

Scappi give "menus" for breakfasts, dinners, and suppers for every month in the year, including Lent and fast days. He describes several banquets which he had himself suggested and prepared; amongst them one on the occasion of the "coronation" of Pope Pius V., on the 17th of January, 1566, at which one hundred and fifteen dishes from the kitchen and thirty-two from the "Credenza" were served.

Romoli in his 'Singolar Dottrina' describes the special qualities of every kind of food and the effect of each upon the health,

"Were it of hoot or cold, or moyst or drye,"

and proposes a "menu" for every day in the year, for small private dinners. Such dinners usually consisted of three courses; the "Antipasti," or relishes, the "Allesso," or cooked meats, and the "Frutte," or dessert. In Lent and on fast days there was an additional course, called the "Fritto," of fried viands. Here is the "menu" of a gentleman's dinner on a "maigre" day in May. *Antipasti*—prunes, cherries, apricots, eggs, grilled sturgeon, marinè'd fish, and sour cherries (*viscioli*); *Allesso*—grayling, tortoise-soup, green pea-soup, "bottarga" (the roe of the sturgeon) and a white sauce. *Fritto*—dried peas, fritters, pumpkin, frogs, small fish, and green sauce. *Frutte*—apricot-pie, Parmesan cheese, French pears, apricots and fennel. He suggests as a "menu" for an ordinary dinner in June, *Antipasti*—melons, beccafichi served on bread soaked in butter, pigeon-pie, a cold saddle of veal, sour cherries and lemons in slices; *Allesso*—roast veal, a young turkey with stuffing, sausages and a green sauce; *Frutte*—"Mazolino" cheese, pears, walnuts in red wine with salt, almonds and fennel.

There appears to have been no regular order in the succession



of dishes in an Italian dinner of the sixteenth century. Meat, soups, sweets, vegetables, fruit and pastry followed each other promiscuously. This seems to have been especially the case at great banquets. The habit of commencing a repast with fruit prevailed until recently in Italy, before French cookery was generally introduced. A dinner began with figs, melons and other fruit, eaten with slices of sausage and ham.

Scappi tells us not only how, but where a dinner, to be thoroughly enjoyed, should be served, and he quotes as a high authority on the subject the most Reverend Don Francesco Rinosa, the Holy Father's private "Scalco," who in the spring had the table laid in a cheerful place sheltered from the wind ; in summer in the shade, near rills, springs and fountains ; in autumn on some spot where it was not too hot nor too cold, and facing the east rather than the north ; in winter in a hall adorned with fine tapestries, statues and pictures, for the enjoyment and entertainment of the company.

Romoli gives the following directions for preparing a "noble wedding feast for fifty persons." The "Scalco" must in the first place well consider what is requisite for his own honour, and then the best way to afford delight and good entertainment to the company. It is not desirable that the ladies should be seated at one table and the gentlemen at another. The feast could not possibly be successful, nor would the guests be well pleased and satisfied if they were kept thus apart, as the principal enjoyment on such occasions consists in the honest conversation and sweet sight of the ladies, who, on the other hand, are most happy whilst being entertained by the gentlemen. Moreover, the attendants who are appointed to wait upon the ladies may be disposed to boast of the privilege, whilst those who have to serve the gentlemen may feel humiliated, and may desert their posts for the ladies' table, thus causing great trouble to the "Scalco," who runs the risk of losing his wits. Romoli further suggests that the adornment of the banqueting hall should be confided to one of those "divine Florentine geniuses" who can work miracles ; and he particularly urges that a special "credenza" table should be raised above the level of the floor, and that upon it should be displayed the most costly and most beautiful gold and silver plate.

In the many receipts for cooking, and in the "menus" in the old Italian books on cookery, we find but few dishes which would obtain the praise of an exacting "gourmet" of our time, or upon

which a modern "chef" could have founded his fame. Savoury sauces, such as are considered the tests of a "cordon-bleu's" genius, are conspicuous by their absence. Those preferred by the epicure of the Renaissance were, for the most part, sweet, and highly spiced. The cook is directed to sprinkle with fine powdered sugar almost every dish placed upon the table. Meat of every kind—roasted or boiled—poultry, game, and fish, were dressed with cinnamon and spices. Fennel and sweet herbs generally garnished a dish, and the juice of sour lemons and oranges was to be added to it. On the other hand, truffles, eaten whole or used to flavour a dish, were no less esteemed as a delicacy than they now are.

When we consider the number of the dishes served at a Renaissance banquet, and its duration, it may be inferred that the Italians of those days indulged more than their descendants in the pleasures of the table. They certainly appear to have exceeded all other nations in the magnificence of these entertainments, and in the sumptuous luxury with which they were served. It was the same, it would seem, with respect to the care which was devoted to the furniture of the table, and the cleanliness of the gold and silver plate, the knives, forks, and spoons, and of the elaborately embroidered napkins and tablecloths—all of which were repeatedly changed during the repast. That they were equally particular and cleanly in their way of eating may be inferred from the fact that they were the only people who at that time used forks instead of their fingers. Coryat, an English gentleman who travelled in Italy in 1608, and published a relation of his adventures, makes the following quaint remarks on the subject\* :—

"I observed a custome in all those cities and townes through which I passed, that is not used in any other country that I saw in my travels, neither doe I thinke that any other native of Christendome doth use it, but only Italy. The Italians, and also most strangers that are commorant in Italy, doe alwaies at their meals use a little forke when they cut their meate. For while with their knife which they hold in one hand they cut the meate out of the dish, they fasten their forke which they hold in their other hand upon the same dish, so that whatsoever he be that sitting in the company of any others at meale should unadvisedly touch the dish of meate with his fingers from which all at the table doe cut, he will give occasion of offence unto the

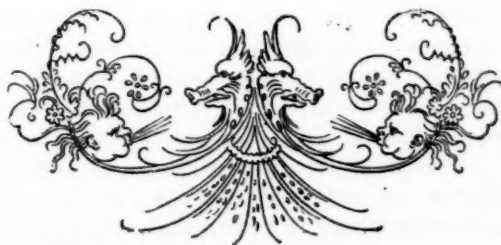
\*Coryat's 'Crudities,' p. 90.

company, as having transgressed the lawes of good manners, in so much that for his error he shall be at the least brow-beaten, if not reprehended in wordes. This form of feeding, I understand, is generally used in all places of Italy, their forkes being for the most part made of yron or steele, and some of silver, but those are used only by gentlemen. The reason of this their curiosity is, because the Italian cannot by any means indure to have his dish touched with fingers, seeing all men's fingers are not alike cleane. Hereupon I myself thought good to imitate the Italian fashion by this forked cutting of meate, not only while I was in Italy, but also in Germany, and oftentimes in England since I came home: being once quipped for that frequent using of my forke, by a certaine learned gentleman, a familiar friend of mine, one Mr. Laurence Whitaker,<sup>1</sup> who in his merry humour doubted not to call me at table *furcifer*, only for using a forke at feeding, but for no other cause."

It appears from the engravings of forks given in the cookery-books to which we have referred, that they were two-pronged.

The cost of a Renaissance banquet, judging from the variety of the dishes, and the rarity of some of the viands and of the wines, and from the quantity of gold and silver plate, must have been very great. Of the splendour of the "Credenza" some idea may be formed when it is remembered that such artists as Benvenuto Cellini fashioned and chiselled the salts, the flagons and the dishes, which were piled up in profusion upon it. A banquet of the time would probably be to us moderns more gratifying to the sight than to the taste.

A. H. LAYARD.



## PICKETING AND COERCION.



THE subject of "picketing" by trade unionists in connection with their strikes has been a sore point with the public for many years, and a good deal of what is termed "labour legislation" has turned upon this question, or has moulded the measures which have been introduced into Parliament dealing with labour and labour organizations. It has been the one subject of all others which has often been before the Courts, and has influenced decisions upon points of law in which labour has been involved. The late Mr. John Bright was soured, so to speak, by what he saw from his chambers in Hanover Street, during the Tailors' Strike in 1869. Great attention was given to the question by the Royal Commission in 1867-8 in the Inquiry into the Rules and Organization of Trade Unions. The Trade Union Bill of 1871 was drafted with especial reference to this phase of trade unionism ; and the "Labour Laws of 1875" were framed with a like purpose and in a like spirit. The reasons are not far to seek. They haunt trade unionists like a spectre, as the ghost in *Hamlet*, at unseasonable times, troubling not only the consciences of wrong-doers, but often and more acutely of those that had no hand in the wrong-doing, were averse to it, and strove to do well. In all such cases the sensitive suffer, while those of blunter feelings escape all compunction. Moreover the enemies of trade unions seize upon any accidental circumstance, or phase in connection with a dispute, and contend that it is an essential part of it, or is absolutely incidental to it, and no amount of argument, supported by the strongest array of facts, will convince some of them that they are, or possibly might be, wrong.

The practice of picketing in cases of labour disputes, or strikes, is an old one. Its origin is not very clear. The earliest trace of it appears to have been in connection with the Craft Guilds, when the wardens watched to see that the cloth was woven

according to the required standards—in length, width, and texture. Espionage was an essential condition of the old guild system, and it survived their downfall. It is not only conceivable, but probable, that the handicraftsmen were similarly watchful, so that the hired men in the several trades were not paid less than the recognized rates, and were perhaps jealous if they were paid higher, especially as the statute law enacted that it was unlawful to give or receive more than the usual rates. The law as it then stood practically fixed a maximum wage, but it did not succeed in fixing a minimum. It became a comparatively easy thing to lower wages, but a most difficult thing to raise the rates, even in the direst times of necessity.

During the existence of the Cloth-Workers' Institution at Halifax and at Leeds, there is evidence that a system of picketing existed, or something resembling it, for the officers or agents of those societies visited the villages where the handloom weaving was carried on, and sought to prevent any undercutting in the prices. Insensibly, as it were, the practice grew up with the labour movements, and became an integral part of the earlier combinations, and later on of the more permanent trade unions which succeeded them. In the Combination Laws provisions were enacted very distinctly against any and every possible form of intimidation; and often the law was stretched in order to ensure a conviction. The common-law doctrine of conspiracy was also frequently called into requisition, in order to inflict heavier penalties. The Law Reports are studded with cases in most of which every care is taken to enlarge the meaning of intimidation, so that none of those prosecuted should escape punishment.

The repeal of the Combination Laws in 1824 and 1825 effected great changes in the law; but in its administration there was still left a good deal of the old leaven. Acts in themselves of trifling import were often adjudged grave offences, if done in connection with labour disputes. This continued more or less up to 1850. Between that date and 1860 there was a more liberal interpretation of the law. In a few instances there were complaints, and some injustice also. The tendency to relaxation was continued until the outburst of the storm of indignation at the conduct of certain persons in Sheffield, Manchester, and it was said Nottingham, when the allegations against the Unions were enquired into, and also the laws pertaining to intimidation. The legislation which followed, in 1871, was to all intents and

purposes coloured by the events of the Tailors' Strike. The third clause in the Bill was subsequently omitted, but it was carried *pari passu* with that measure, as the Criminal Law Amendment Act, 1871. Its sole object was how to deal with picketing. That Act was repealed by the Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act, 1875, other sections being substituted for those then in force.

Those changes in the law were not effected without a very considerable amount of agitation and expenditure of money. There was a persistent opposition, both in and out of Parliament, to any relaxation of the law. Even the most forced interpretations of the judges were defended, whilst those which had been less stringent were called in question. The opposition was at last disarmed, or at least modified, by the pledges of the leaders of the Unions that the men did not want the power to compel, but the permission lawfully to persuade, and to be able to obtain and to furnish to men imported from other districts such information in the event of a strike as might induce them to withhold their labour if they agreed with the views of the men who were out, representing the Union.

The Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act, 1875, was not regarded as a perfect measure by the representatives of trade unions at the date of its enactment, and least of all in its final shape as it left the House of Lords. When the Bill of the Government passed its third reading in the House of Commons it contained an interpretation of the term "intimidation" which limited its scope as follows:—"Intimidation shall mean and include only such intimidation as would justify a justice of the peace, on complaint made to him, in binding over the person so intimidating to keep the peace." The change effected by leaving out this definition clause might seem to be small, but in effect it changed the entire nature of the Act. With the clause, the law would have been general, that is to say, it would have applied to all citizens alike. By the omission of the clause the section of the Act, read by the light of other sections, limits its operation to a class, workmen—mainly trade unionists; and further, it extends, or gives power to extend, the meaning of the word "intimidation" beyond its natural interpretation, as used in other statutes, and decided in other cases. In the discussion on the question at the Trades Congress in Liverpool in September 1890, one of the speakers declared that the complaints were not so much against the law, *i.e.* the statute, as against its interpre-



tation and application, in what one may term its non-natural sense. The complaints, no doubt, were mainly with reference to magisterial decisions, as the ruling of Mr. Justice Cave was quoted and commended. No very strong condemnation of any decision by the High Court of Justice has been expressed, and very few cases have been carried by appeal to the higher Courts. This is a misfortune, as precedents have been allowed to grow through not being challenged by appeal, and magistrates are often, perhaps unconsciously, influenced by the surrounding circumstances locally, which might affect their decisions, but which would not be the case on appeal.

The most serious decision yet given as regards intimidation is that by Mr. H. M. Bompas, Q.C., the Recorder of Plymouth, in the case of *Regina v. Curran, Shepherd and Matthews*, at Plymouth. In that case picketing was only incidentally involved, but the interpretation of the term "intimidates" is so wide that, if it is upheld, and is applied generally to the action of workmen during a dispute, the whole law will have to be overhauled and amended. His Honour Judge Seymour gave a similar decision in a case which came before him as County Court Judge at Newcastle, in November last, but the decision passed without much comment, as the penalty in that case was paid, no attempt being made to challenge it by appeal. This matter had, however, occupied the attention of the Trades Union Congress previously to either of the cases before alluded to being tried, and the judgments thereon being pronounced; and the Congress had resolved to seek an amendment of the law. It may therefore be useful to examine the whole question in order to see precisely where we stand; what the law presumably is, and what is really sought by the workmen, by and through their accredited representatives, as a matter of legal right.

As some complaints had been made to the Trades Union Congress with respect to the law, the Parliamentary Committee had instructions to consider the subject. They did consider it, and they reported to the Liverpool Congress, in September 1890, that they had given careful attention to the subject, and had come to the conclusion that "the law is perfectly clear, and cannot be mistaken, in the permission it gives to peaceful picketing." The report goes on to say: "If those engaged in trade disputes, necessitating this means of protection, would only obtain the information which they could easily get before undertaking the work, there is no reason why they might not conduct picketing

successfully and without any liability to prosecution." The Committee then refer to "the judgment of Mr. Justice Cave, given at the Bristol Spring Assizes, in which he clearly upheld the rights of workmen in this matter." The conclusion thus arrived at accords with the views generally held by trade unionists, and agrees with the reasons urged for a change in the law during the fifty years of agitation which preceded the passing of the Act of 1875. But the report of the Committee did not appear to give complete satisfaction, for the following resolution was subsequently passed :—

"That, in the event of any member of a Trade Union represented at this Congress being convicted of picketing without violence, under the Conspiracy Act, 1875, the Parliamentary Committee be instructed to take steps to have the Act more clearly defined." This sensible and moderate resolution was rejected by 154 votes to 9, in favour of the following amendment: "That we instruct the Parliamentary Committee to have the clause of making picketing illegal entirely repealed." The absurdity of this amendment is that there is no clause in the Act which makes picketing illegal, nor was it intended that there should be. Another resolution of the same Congress throws additional light on the subject; it was as follows: "That we instruct the Parliamentary Committee to abolish Clause 7 of the Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act, and to amend such other clauses as are dangerous to the liberties of the working classes." This resolution was carried without dissent. It is rather lamentable that it should have been, for none of the speakers seem to have had any very clear conception of what the Act is, or any knowledge of the portion of it referred to in the resolution. What was meant, doubtless, was Section 7 of the Act, the whole of which is so important that it must needs be quoted *in extenso* :—

"Sect. 7. Every person who, with a view to compel any other person to abstain from doing, or to do any act which such other person has a legal right to do or abstain from doing, wrongfully and without legal authority—

"(1) Uses violence to or intimidates such other person, or his wife or children, or injures his property; or

"(2) Persistently follows such other person about from place to place; or

"(3) Hides any tools, clothes, or other property owned or used by such other person, or deprives him of or hinders him in the use thereof; or

"(4) Watches or besets the house or other place where such other person resides, or works, or carries on his business, or happens to be, or the approach to such a house or place ; or

"(5) Follows such other person with two or more persons in a disorderly manner in or through any street or road,

"Shall, on conviction thereof by a Court of summary jurisdiction, or an indictment as hereinafter mentioned, be liable either to pay a penalty not exceeding twenty pounds, or to be imprisoned for a term not exceeding three months, with or without hard labour.

"Attending at or near the house or place where a person resides, or works, or carries on business, or happens to be, or the approach to such house or place, in order merely to obtain or communicate information, shall not be deemed a watching or besetting within the meaning of this section."

Speaking generally, this section is sufficiently clear for any ordinary citizen to understand. There ought not to be any misunderstanding about it. The whole of the sub-sections are governed by the words "to compel." If workmen desire to do any of the things mentioned "with a view to compel" another person to abstain from doing or to do any act which such other person has a legal right to do, or abstain from doing, then we shall need a definition of the word "compel," in order that it shall have a definite meaning in this connection, and not be a mere trap to ensnare the unwary. Those clauses, instead of being dangerous to the liberties of the working classes, were intended to be a protection of all, and the danger which is apprehended would commence with their repeal. This fact was recognized in principle by another resolution passed by the same Congress, at Liverpool, in regard to the practice of "shadowing" in Ireland. The resolution was as follows :—

"That this Congress is of opinion that the action taken by the Royal Irish Constabulary in shadowing trade unionists during the strike of tailors in Londonderry is contrary to the repeated statements made by the Chief Secretary for Ireland, that the law is the same, and that, with a view to the better organization and assisting those already organized, it be an instruction to the Parliamentary Committee to use every effort possible to secure for Ireland the same protection and privileges to trade unionists that are allowed in Great Britain." This resolution is utterly inconsistent and at variance with the previous one, because, in the first place, it practically asserts that there is no such right of "shadowing,"

—that is, “watching and besetting,”—in Great Britain; and secondly, because the practice is condemned in Ireland, while the Congress deemed it a right practice in Great Britain, if done only by trade unionists. The repeal of Section 7 of the Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act, 1875, as demanded by the Trades Congress by 154 votes to 9, would give unlimited power of “shadowing,” “watching and besetting,” “persistently following,” and even “using violence,” as in sub-section 1 of the section. But, of course, the Congress did not mean any such thing. They could not mean that “shadowing” by trade unionists should be lawful and by the Irish Constabulary, or other officers of the Crown, unlawful, because in the latter case it was done by legal authority, in the former case without legal authority. And here we have another legal term to contend with, namely, “wrongfully,” a term which does not appear to have been accurately defined in so far as the Act under consideration is concerned.

But the expression in the Act which has caused the recent stir in Parliament and in the country is the term “intimidates,” a definition of which was omitted from the Bill in its final stages. This word had not, however, been interpreted in what one might call a non-natural sense until very recently, only since, in fact, the Trades Congress at Liverpool concluded its sittings. The two instances in which this has been done were by His Honour Judge Seymour at Newcastle, in the case tried before him in November 1890, and by Mr. H. M. Bompas, Q.C., the Recorder of Plymouth. In both instances the Act of 1875 was interpreted, in so far as intimidation is concerned, by the Criminal Law (Ireland) Act, 1887. This imported interpretation has reopened the discussions upon the Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act, 1875, because up to November of last year no such extended definition of the word “intimidates” had been attempted in connection with trade disputes. In the cases cited there was, however, an element of considerable importance, one which has to be considered in its bearing upon the questions at issue, namely, breach of contract. The Recorder of Plymouth had in his mind the statement that the threat used to the employer involved a threat to commit an offence at law, by calling out the men employed under contract, and thus inducing them to break their contracts. The men declare that there was no contract whatever, but they furnished no evidence of this allegation before the Court. A threat to break a contract may be an illegal thing, but as a breach of

contract is a civil offence, so a threat to break a contract ought also to be only a civil offence. A threat to commit murder is not punished by a heavier penalty than the committal of the deed, and it does not seem to be common sense to inflict a heavier penalty upon a person for a mere threat to do a thing, than for the offence itself, in any other case. The singular thing in connection with the Recorder's decision is this: The threat was used at a semi-private meeting, in the frankest possible manner, by the representatives of the workmen's unions, in the course of a friendly interview with the employer, the meeting being to all appearance quite an amicable one. The employer did not pretend that he was frightened by the "threat." In the case of Thomas M'Kevitt, tried before Mr. Justice Cave at the Liverpool Assizes, December 16th, 1890, his Lordship said: "There were certain things which by that Act (Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act, 1875), they were prevented from doing, and so long as they did not do any of these things they were perfectly free to combine together for the purpose of making the best terms they could for the disposal of their labour. Intimidation was used there (in the Act) in conjunction, on the one hand, with the use of violence, and on the other hand with injury to property, and therefore, in his judgment, and so long as there were no acts of fear or violence, then no offence was committed." In this instance it appears that M'Kevitt threatened in even a more formal manner than Curran did, at Plymouth, for it is alleged that he delivered letters threatening to call out the men belonging to the Union, and stop the ship, being at the time on board of the vessel when he had no right to be there. Mr. Justice Cave in that case directed the jury to acquit the prisoner, which they accordingly did.

The case of Thomas M'Kevitt and Rann was on all-fours with the case of Curran and others at Plymouth, except that in the former case the "threat" was somewhat aggravated in form, and even in its effects. But the learned Judge directed an acquittal, while the learned Recorder upheld the magistrate's decision. It is evident that such a statute, or these portions of it which are in question, should be authoritatively interpreted; it is also desirable and advisable that it should be amended in such manner that there shall be no doubt as to its intention and effects. The English people are, as a rule, a law-abiding people. In the interests of law and order they should feel that the law is, in itself, just, so as to win willing assent to its provisions. The



expressions in the statute which have given rise to diversified interpretation are—"intimidates" and "wrongfully and without legal authority." These terms and expressions are capable of legal definition, and such definition would remove much of the prejudice which now exists respecting this section of the Act. For example, the restoration to the Act of the clause defining intimidation as meaning and including only such intimidation as would justify a Justice of the Peace on complaint made to him in binding over the person so intimidating to keep the peace. This would not weaken the enactment; it would simply give to it its natural legal meaning and interpretation.

There is one further amendment which is of considerable importance, and would have the effect of reconciling all reasonable trade unionists to the provisions of the Act, namely, the omission from Clause 3 the words "*in contemplation or furtherance of a trade dispute between employers and workmen.*" With those words omitted it would read thus: "An agreement or combination by two or more persons to do or procure to be done any act which shall not be indictable as a conspiracy, if such act committed by one person would not be punishable as a crime." The omission of the words in italics would make the law general, now it is special; a small thing, perhaps, but it would materially affect all decisions under the Act, because the Judge, Recorder, Magistrate, and others would carefully consider its effect upon the general public in each case as it arose. The proposal here made is sanctioned by high legal authority, for it agrees with the recommendations of the Criminal Code Bill Commissioners Lord Blackburn, Lord Justice Barry, the late Lord Justice Lush, and Mr. Justice Stephen, in their Report of 1879.

Picketing appears to be an essential part of trade disputes, in so far as the men are concerned, though some trade unions avoid it. But there is no necessity for wrongful acts in connection with it. Coercion, in the rightful sense of that term, is not essential, nor will it be persisted in by law-abiding men. But if the workmen feel that employers can legally do, what the workmen must not do, then all respect for the law will vanish. With equal legal rights, exact equal duties, and impose and enforce equal responsibilities. The strength of a law lies in its justness, and in its impartial administration. Workmen recognize this as strongly as any other section of the community, and will ever do so, and respect it accordingly.

GEORGE HOWELL.



## AN EXPRESS IDYLL.

SCENE, York Station. Time, 3 P.M. *The South Express, known commonly as "The Flying Scotchman," is at the platform, steam-engine attached, and on the point of starting.*

HE *has taken his seat, and is snugly ensconced in the far end of a first-class compartment. HE is straight from the moors—the "dittos," deerstalker cap, gun-case in rack, show that; a gentleman, young, well born, well to do—all these are indicated by his bright, handsome face, aristocratic features, and altogether prosperous, self-satisfied air.*

HE. There—3.5! Safe to be alone as far as Grantham. I think I may smoke. [*Takes out cigarette-case and lights up. Suddenly the carriage door is thrown open.*]

GUARD [*frantically*]. In with you, miss—train is moving! All right! [*to engine driver. Whistles.*]

SHE [*falling into her place like a bundle of old clothes*]. Ah! [*hysterically.*] Oh, what a fool I've been! [*Bursts into a paroxysm of tears.*]

HE [*mentally, interested at once*]. My word! Here's a rum go! Poor dear, how she sobs! [*Examines her attentively.*] Quite the little lady too! Neat turn-out; good fit. That jacket is Paris built, I'm sure, and those little brogues—whoever made them was an artist! They'd do for a Chinnee! Wish I could see her face!

SHE [*raising her head, and with a quick gesture tearing at her hat, which she throws off, as though it hurt her*]. Oh, the cur! To think I should have believed in him, trusted him! The coward! the cur!

HE [*mentally*]. There's a him in it then. A bad lot too, I take it, to have ill-used so sweet a "her." Clear skin, nice face, and what eyes! The tears improve them, I think. [*Their eyes meet.*] Hope you do not mind [*aloud, with an almost imperceptible wave of the cigarette.*]

SHE [*absently*]. Mind what? You? [*abruptly*.] Not in the least!

HE [*meekly*]. I meant the smoke. I never presumed to think you would object to me or my presence here. Besides, it's not my fault quite. I'd leave the carriage if I could.

SHE. Oh, I'm sure I don't care! Why should I care—for anything? I'm far too miserable. [*A fierce sob.*]

HE [*seriously*]. I *am* so sorry for you! You seem in terrible trouble. Is there anything I can do for you? I hardly like to intrude, but no man—no gentleman—could see a lady in such distress without offering his help.

SHE [*gratefully, but with fresh tears*]. You are very good, very kind; but if you would please leave me alone—leave me to my own thoughts—

HE. They cannot be pleasant thoughts, I'm sure. Far better look at the papers. Will you have *Punch* or this week's *World*? They're both here.

SHE. I could not see to read them, thank you.

HE. Then let me talk to you. [*Rises and moves a seat nearer.*]

SHE. No, no; you must not talk to me! I don't know who you are. I've never seen you, never met you before.

HE. Let me introduce myself then. My name is Fitz-Hugh.

SHE. That's not enough. Some one else must introduce you.

HE [*raising his hand to the communicator*]. Shall I stop the train and get the guard to introduce me? He knows me.

SHE [*laughing, in spite of herself*]. No, please. That would make us both look ridiculous. I will accept the inevitable. I know some Fitz-Hughs—[*a pause*—]but I don't like them.

HE. A bad look-out for me! Hope they're no relations of mine. What part of the country?

SHE. Oh, near us; near— But I have hardly met them; only I hear such things about them from my guardian; it is he who is always abusing them. They are such disagreeable neighbours, he says; the mother gives herself such airs, and the sons are so stuck up.

HE. That must be painful for them. Are there many of them, and are they all like that?

SHE. Three or four are. I don't know about the eldest; I've never seen him at all. No one has much. He owns the estates, has the title, but he's always away, shooting or travelling about the world. He's half a wild man, I believe.

HE. What a curious person! I should be sorry to resemble

him. And I don't think I'm at all stuck up. So your guardian hates the Fitz-Hughs? Perhaps it is a little his fault.

SHE. I daresay. He's horrid! I can't bear him!

HE. Won't let you do foolish things, perhaps?

SHE [*blushes crimson*]. What DO you mean?

HE. You've just been doing something foolish, haven't you? I don't want to presume—I would not force your confidence for the world—but, you know, confession is good for the soul.

SHE [*still scarlet*]. I certainly shall tell you nothing! I wonder how you dare to ask! You are taking a very great liberty. I think you are exceedingly rude.

HE. No—indeed no! Nothing was further from my intentions. I only thought I might be able to help you. I should be so glad to be of use. I mean it. Won't you trust me?

SHE. Oh, I can't! I can't talk of it! I think—[*breaks and sobs outright*!—I think I am the most wretched, miserable girl alive!

HE [*soothingly, tenderly*]. You poor, dear child! What is it then? What has vexed you? Don't cry. Come and tell me all about it; you'll be ever so much better then. What did he do?

SHE [*quickly, looking up at him through her tears*]. He? How do you know? Were you at Scarborough? I never told you about Captain Bell.

HE. Yet I knew. Of course, I was certain there must be a *he*; what else would make a little woman cry? But he's not worth it, I assure you. Treat him with the contempt he deserves. He's a low snob.

SHE. How do you know that? Where have you met him?

HE. I never met him in all my life, and yet I know exactly what he has done. I consider him an utter cad, and I hate him!

SHE. Why, what has he done to you?

HE. Nothing to me. It's what he's done to you. He has treated you most infamously! I know that.

SHE. I never told you so.

HE. You said—well you implied something of the sort—at any rate I can make a shrewd guess. Shall I tell you what I think occurred?

SHE. You may talk any nonsense you please.

HE. It is not so bad to talk as to act nonsensically. But listen. Is this right? you met Captain Bell at Scarborough, he paid you great attention, you fancied yourself in love with him—

don't interrupt me, please. Then he humbugged you into believing that he was desperately in love with you, and he persuaded you to meet him at York Station so that you might run away. Shall I go on?

SHE [*with hanging head, her ungloved forefinger following the pattern of her cloth skirt*]. I cannot prevent you.

HE. But you'd rather not hear? I am not such a brute, I hope, as to insist. I only wanted to show you that I knew what I was talking about, and to prove the interest I take in you.

SHE [*shyly*]. You are very good, I'm sure. I don't understand why you should be so kind. You are a perfect stranger—

HE. Don't be too sure of that. I know you, and have known you—at any rate of you—all your life, Miss—Brignolles.

SHE [*starts and blushes deeply*]. Who are you? At any rate, I don't know you.

HE. Your nearest neighbour at home, Lord Fitz-Hugh—the half wild man.

SHE [*stammering and in great confusion*]. Dear, dear, how stupid I've been. You are not annoyed, I hope? But you see I could not know, could I? And—and—

HE. I did not look half wild enough, eh? Well, I'll forgive you, but only on condition that you tell me, honestly, what you think of me.

SHE. Oh, I could not, really! It's quite impossible. You see, I, I—I have not come to any decided opinion; it's far too soon. I hardly know you at all. Why, we have not been together, in this carriage I mean, more than five or ten minutes.

HE [*taking out his watch*]. One hour and three quarters, Miss Brignolles, that's all.

SHE. I could not have believed it. The time has positively flown.

HE. Pleasant company, perhaps? Or have I no claim to that compliment? Anyway, I'm afraid—we have just a quarter of an hour before we reach Grantham—you won't enjoy that last quarter of an hour so much as the rest.

SHE. Why not? Why should it be any different?

HE. Because—you will not be very angry, I hope—I am going to read you a lecture; to speak to you very seriously. Don't frown; what I am going to say is entirely for your good. I am going to take you seriously to task.

SHE [*stiffly*]. By what right, Lord Fitz-Hugh, do you presume to interfere in my affairs?

He. I have no right, I make no claim to it, but I shall do it all the same, and before we get to Grantham. After that I will change carriages, and I will not inflict myself on you further, if you so wish. But now you must, you shall listen to me.

SHE [*colouring, but with a brave, rather angry voice*]. Is this generous, Lord Fitz-Hugh—is it gentleman-like?

HE [*in a grave, solemn voice*]. It is my duty to point out to you——

SHE [*hotly*]. How so? You have no authority over me. What you call duty I call impertinence.

HE [*stolidly continuing*]. My duty as an old friend——

SHE. Not of mine.

HE. Of your family, your father and mother. I knew them both, and owe both many kindnesses—your mother especially, for I was, like you, motherless when quite young. What would your dear mother have said, Miss Brignolles, to this escapade? Would you have put her to such pain? Or your father, so strict and honourable?

SHE [*rather nervously*]. Don't, don't, please; say no more. It's too cruel.

HE. You might have made a most terrible, irreparable mistake. You rashly, foolishly put yourself, all you possess, all you hold most dear, entirely at the mercy of a selfish, designing scoundrel.

SHE [*looking at him bravely, but with tearful eyes and quivering lips*]. Is it necessary, is it kind, is it chivalrous to go on like this? I was wrong, I know I was wrong, but I am so miserable. Oh—Oh—[*breaking down completely and sobbing hysterically, hides her face in the cushions*].

HE [*quite concerned*]. I had no idea. I am so sorry. I have gone too far—but never mind. Don't think again of it; I will make it all right, only do not cry so bitterly. What on earth shall I do with her? [*Finding his words have no effect, takes her ungloved hand and pats it hard, then, with a sudden impulse, lifts it to his lips and kisses it.*]

[*Now the train begins to slacken speed, and just as it runs in at Grantham platform, she recovers herself.*]

SHE [*faintly*]. Where am I? What has happened? [*Then finding her hand in his, draws it quickly away.*] Oh, Lord Fitz-Hugh, how wicked, how unfair!

HE [*much confused*]. I thought you had fainted. I did not know what to do. Let me get you something—a cup of hot

tea? [*Jumps hastily from the carriage, which is nearly the last of the train, and runs up the platform to the refreshment room.*]

ONE RAILWAY OFFICIAL [*to another*]. That's them; you may take your oath.

THE OTHER. Sure enough. Why, I saw him kissing of her, right opposite the window, as bold as brass, just when the train ran in.

FIRST OFFICIAL. Best call Mr. Perks; I'll stay by the compartment.

SECOND OFFICIAL. And I'll watch my gentleman.

[*LORD FITZ-HUGH returns, followed by a page boy, with tea, fruit, cakes.*]

LORD F. [*entering the carriage*]. Here, hand it all over—pay with that, and keep the rest. What do you want? You can't come in here [*to a station superintendent in uniform*]. This compartment is engaged. We wish to be alone.

MR. PERKS [*coolly, and rather insolently*]. That is why I am coming in.

LORD F. [*haughtily*]. We'll soon see about that. Call the station—

MR. P. The station-master himself gave me my orders. I am to travel up to London with this young lady and her—her—her—[*at a loss*]—that don't matter much. The officers of the court shall settle that when we get to King's Cross. So make way, please, or you'll both be detained.

[*The train moves on. LORD F. looks in utter amazement at MISS BRIGNOLLES, who by this time has quite recovered. She is drinking her tea with great relish, her face most demure, but there is a merry twinkle in her violet eyes.*]

MISS B. [*looking up suddenly and meeting his bewildered gaze*]. I'm afraid it's rather serious. The Court won't be trifled with—

MR. PERKS. As you'll find.

LORD F. [*turning on him hotly*]. Look here, leave us alone, or I'll pitch you out of the window. You've no station-master now at your back. [*To MISS BRIGNOLLES, in a whisper.*] What does it all mean? What court?

MISS B. [*also whispering*]. The Court of Chancery. I'm a ward.



MR. PERKS. Whispering ain't allowed.

LORD F. [*suddenly bursting into a good-humoured laugh*]. Come, come, my good fellow, let's make friends, I sha'n't have another chance, you know. I suppose they'll separate us at King's Cross.

MR. PERKS [*jauntily*]. No fear. You'll find your carriage waiting—Black Maria, and attendants, a couple of 'em, who will give you every assistance—to Holloway Gaol.

LORD F. [*who has taken out his purse*]. You're married? I thought so. Do you remember when you were courting? Ah! Well, then, do a friendly thing. Let's have our talk all to ourselves.

MR. PERKS [*grinning and fingering the five-pound note*]. I can't find it in my heart to say no. A real pair of turtle-doves.

LORD F. You know I shall be shut up for ever so long; I may not see my sweetheart again for months.

MISS B. [*protesting sotto voce*]. You are getting on too fast, Lord Fitz—

LORD F. [*in a quick whisper*]. Hush, hush! Not that name, please, or you'll spoil all. I am playing a part—that of Captain Bell. I don't know his Christian name, but call me Freddie, dearest Freddie, if you don't mind. [*Aside*] I shall not. And you must let me call you—Emmeline, isn't it?—or my love, my own darling love, my sweetest pet, just to keep up the pretence.

MISS B. [*with a heightened colour, but laughing*]. You must have played the part before, Lord—Frederick, I mean—it comes so pat.

LORD F. But you must play it too—we must pretend—[*mentally*] hanged if there's much pretence on my part—pretend that we are in love with each other.

MISS B. [*with a coquettish shake of her head*]. Oh, I couldn't, really! It would be really too absurd, and altogether too difficult.

LORD F. Not for me. [*Tries to take her hand, but she resists.*] I assure you it's in the part. True lovers always hold each other's hands. Didn't Captain Bell ever do it? Lucky dog, how I wish I was he; that is, if you still care for him.

MISS B. [*emphatically*]. I don't, I never did, I believe; only he was so persevering, and I thought him better—less hateful, I mean—than the other.

LORD F. [*deeply interested*]. There was someone else, eh? Tell me all about it. It will be a relief perhaps; at any rate, it will help you to pass away the time—prevent you from feeling bored

MISS B. I'm not easily bored ; but I will tell you, if you like. It was my guardian's son, Archie Quibble, a lawyer like his father—not nice at all—like his father in that too. They had him down with them at Scarborough, and did all they could to bring us together. I saw it directly ; but I couldn't bear him—not a little bit.

LORD F. An eye to the main chance—the Quibbles.

MISS B. They wanted me to engage myself, but keep it quiet till after I was twenty-one—next year. And they bothered me so, I fell back on Captain Bell. He was very kind, and I thought I liked him—and what was I to do ? I seemed to be quite friendless.

LORD F. You don't feel like that now, I hope ? [*Looking at her earnestly, and again taking her hand, this time without opposition, although presently she withdraws it.*] Have I offended you ? I should be sorry to do that. I want you to look upon me as a friend, as your very best friend. Do you believe that ? I will prove it yet.

MISS B. [*dropping her eyes, after one eloquent glance at his*]. I think you are very kind to me, too kind, kinder than I deserve, Lord Fitz—

LORD F. Freddy, please. You needn't mind. It's my real name. Do you like it as well as Captain Bell's ? What was his ?

MISS B. Something horrid. What does it matter ? I never want to hear it or see him again.

LORD F. You will have to hear the name of Bell once or twice more. Remember I am Captain Bell. I shall presently answer to it, be taken into custody as Captain Bell, and spend the night in prison.

MISS B. [*excitedly*]. Oh, no, no, no ! You must not suffer that ignominy. You must say who you are. If you don't, I shall. I should never forgive myself if you were punished, so awfully punished, for some one else's fault.

LORD F. It won't hurt me, my dear child ; I have gone through far worse. A night in gaol—I shall have a bed—is luxury to what I've endured on the prairies or in the desert or on the African veldt. Besides, even if it is far worse, it is necessary, indispensable. It is the only way to save appearances, to put you quite right with the Court and before the world.

MISS B. [*in a frightened, timid voice*]. How ? What do you mean ? What shall you do ?

LORD F. Go to gaol like a lamb—as Captain Bell. Tomorrow they'll drag me before one of the Vice-Chancellors—as Captain Bell. His lordship will read me a severe lecture, and, still as Captain Bell, sentence me to six months, a year perhaps, for contempt of Court.

MISS B. That is the awful part of it, and I—I mean we—I mean your friends—will not see you for all that time.

LORD F. And you would be sorry for that, wouldn't you? Well, I can promise you shall see me again within three days, for I shall laugh in the judge's face and point out the mistake he has made. They'll soon let me go, you may depend. Even if they were inclined to be disagreeable, and the judge might say——

MISS B. [*anxiously*]. What?

LORD F. That the whole thing was planned; that Captain Bell was a man of straw; that you came really to meet me at York Station.

MISS B. [*blushing crimson*]. Oh, Lord Fitz-Hugh!

LORD F. Freddy, if you please. Why are you so shocked? Would it be very much against the grain if I tried to supplant Captain Bell? What would you say to me if I asked you?

MISS B. [*almost inarticulate*]. Oh, don't, please, don't!

LORD F. Well, if I asked the Vice-Chancellor, I don't think he would say "No,"—provided I may tell him that you agree.

MISS B. [*in a low voice*]. But suppose he did say "No;" he is very stern, very hard to please. That is why Mr. Quibble wished to wait till I was twenty-one.

LORD F. [*complacently*]. I think I can satisfy him I am an eligible *parti*. I have no fears of him. But you, may I hope, will give me what I want? This. [*Once more taking her hand and kissing it as he draws her towards himself.*]

MISS B. Oh, oh, you mustn't——

MR. PERKS [*gruffly, becoming very official*]. Come, drop that; 'tain't in the contract. Besides, we're just running into King's Cross. Maybe the Lord Chancellor himself's on the platform. What would he say if he caught you at it?

[*The train glides slowly in; porters accompany it, running alongside; there is a crowd, expectant, cabs and carriages in the distance, and some excitement.*]

MR. PERKS. You'll just keep your places, please, while I make my report.

[*Leaves carriage, which he locks behind him, and stands there till he is joined by a small posse of people, the Station-master, followed by two tipstaves of the Court of Chancery; last of all, a fussy, plethoric-looking old gentleman.*]

MR. PERKS [*pointing his thumb over his shoulder*]. There they are.

OLD GENTLEMAN. Take him. Handcuff him if he resists. You have your warrant.

LORD F. Mr. Quibble, I think?

OLD GENTLEMAN. Lord Fitz-Hugh!

LORD F. At your service. This young lady—let me hand her over to you; my duty is done. I have escorted her safely to town. And these gentlemen—friends of your's? What do you want? [*to the tipstaves.*]

1ST TIPSTAFF. We arrest you, Captain Bell.

MR. QUIBBLE [*hastily interposing*]. No, no; it's all a mistake. This is Lord Fitz-Hugh. Don't touch him; an action would lie for false imprisonment.

LORD F. So I should think [*haughtily*]. Who dares to interfere with me? Stand aside! Good day, Mr. Perks, I will represent your service to the directors. *Au revoir*, Miss Brignolles. I shall do myself the pleasure of calling on you to-morrow, at—

MISS B. Mr. Quibble's, Bryanston Square. Come early, and [*gaily looking at Mr. Quibble*] stay lunch.

MR. Q. [*hesitating*]. Oh, I should be delighted, honoured, but my wife is out of town, and all my establishment. I fear it will be hardly possible—

LORD F. Never mind; don't apologise. I'll take her out to lunch instead. We'll ask the Vice-Chancellor. He shall do propriety. Good-bye. I see my brougham over there.

[*Exit after shaking hands warmly with MISS BRIGNOLLES, leaving MR. QUIBBLE, PERKS, and the tipstaves looking at each other in breathless, speechless, hopeless amazement, while MISS BRIGNOLLES laughs aloud in childish glee.*]

\* \* \* \*

[*After many more scenes, various as in every love-suit, the curtain falls to a tableau; interior of St. George's, Hanover Square—fashionable wedding in progress.*]

BISHOP OF N. And wilt you, Emmeline, take this man, Frederick, &c.

ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

## BEGUN IN JEST.

BY MRS. NEWMAN.

AUTHOR OF "HER WILL AND HER WAY," "WITH COSTS,"  
"THE LAST OF THE HADDONS," &c.

### CHAPTER VI.

SELINA JANE.

NEW difficulties presented themselves to Mabel next morning at almost every stage in the process of dressing. She missed the aids and appliances always hitherto placed ready to hand for her by her maid, so prompt and deft in her ministrations, and realized more fully than ever how dependent she was upon such service.

Where were the hairpins? she wondered, impatiently turning over the things she herself had thrown into confusion the night before. "How is one to dress such ridiculous hair as this with four hairpins—the most perfect of governesses couldn't do it?" She succeeded at length in massing the gold-brown hair at the top of her head, though in a fashion more picturesque and becoming than neat, and took herself into favour again. She had proved her independence so far, and, refreshed by the night's rest, felt more prepared for the work before her. But her respect for young ladies who go out as governesses was rapidly increasing.

As she entered the bare ugly room—she had already given up the idea of trying to make it look more cheerful and homelike—her spirits sank again. It needed all her stoicism to partake with Selina Jane of the breakfast, so different, and so differently served, from the morning meal at home, with its variety of appetizing dishes, bright silver, and pretty china. But, although

she resented the manner in which it was served—to her inexperienced eyes, it seemed almost an affront to the class which for the time she represented—the plainness of the fare was no hardship to her. She partook of the half-cold tea, and thick slices of bread and butter, with a healthy appetite, declining the one egg sent up for her.

Breakfast over, she and her pupil went down to morning prayers, read by Mrs. Raynes in the dining-room. As they touched hands, and uttered a few conventional words, Mabel felt that she was being examined with coldly critical eyes.

"She looks as though there were something about me she does not approve of. What is it, I wonder?" thought Mabel. But she would not be discouraged. She had begun the day well—to her, it seemed quite an achievement to dress without the assistance of a maid—and was, for the first time, beginning to enter a little into the spirit of the part she had undertaken, telling herself that anything that might happen would at least have the charm of novelty for her. But she had made one mistake in her preparations for a governess's life—a mistake that was likely to tell a great deal against her. She had given the fashionable French dressmaker instructions for an outfit suited for a very quiet life, such as a lady companion, or governess, might choose; and, understanding that it was a whim of the moment to affect a certain kind of simplicity, Madame had been ready to do her best. She nodded, smiled, and assured Miss Leith that she would find everything quite correct and in the best taste.

The taste was undeniable, and the correctness, so far as the being quiet, went; but the value of the quantity of Valenciennes lace, which imparted the soft, innocent effect to the pretty morning gown, was evident enough to a woman's eyes. Ladies who have to earn their daily bread do not affect morning toilettes, such as Mabel was wearing. Mrs. Raynes took note of the gossamer muslin, with its profusion of lace, and knots of delicately tinted lilac ribbon, and decided, justly enough from her point of view, that it was extravagant and altogether out of character for one in Mabel's position. Her very walk, as she swept with easy, careless grace across the room, offended Mrs. Raynes, as savouring too much of independence for strict propriety. Indeed, her whole bearing—everything she did, and said, and looked, was different from what might be expected in a governess.

On her side, Mabel saw that the other was, if possible, stiffer



and colder in her manner than she had been the night before ; but, resolved to make the best of things, she would not allow it to disturb her. " I don't think the poor woman could be more agreeable if she were to try ever so much, with that face, so one is bound to be tolerant," summed up Mabel, giving Mrs. Raynes a good-natured smile and nod, in return for the prim little bow, and disapproving look.

Mrs. Raynes touched the bell, and the servants filed in. Prayers were read, and the servants filed out, and after a few solemn words of exhortation on the importance of a conscientious performance of the duties each found to do, addressed to Selina Jane, while looking at Mabel, governess and pupil were dismissed.

The hard morning's work was got through pretty well. Mabel had been well taught in what she cared to learn, and the subjects for the morning's study happened to be those which interested her, and upon which she was not deficient in knowledge ; while she found her pupil painstaking, and sharp enough in acquiring facts.

But the dull surroundings had had their depressing effect, and it was some little relief to set forth for the walk before dinner, if only to escape from the school-room for a while. It was taken in the prescribed direction, along the hot, dusty road, leading from the Grove towards the railway station. If they walked one pace, as far as a certain milestone, and back, it would take, Selina Jane informed her, precisely fifty minutes, leaving ten to prepare for dinner. Mabel endured this, too, walking the pace set by her pupil, along the flat, uninteresting road, bordered on one side by a dry ditch, and on the other by a high hedge. " If they could only see me, it would be some consolation," she thought. " Even Gerard would be obliged to give me credit for possessing some patience, I should think ! "

She re-entered the house, not much refreshed in spirit, and once more alone in her dreary little bedroom, she stood for a few minutes gazing out of the window overlooking a stretch of brick-fields, pitying, from the bottom of her heart, the poor ladies who had previously acted as instructresses to Selina Jane. That young lady did not in any way improve upon acquaintance, and although Mabel was unaware that she had allowed her thoughts to be seen, her curt replies, and disapproving looks, had had their effect.

Aroused from her reflections by the gong sounding for

luncheon, she hurriedly proceeded to make some slight change in her toilette, and, leaving the things she had thrown off scattered about the room—she was not yet accustomed to there being no one to put things in order for her—slowly descended to the dining-room.

Mrs. Raynes was in her place at the head of the table, Selina Jane seated on one side, and a lady guest on the other.

"Your watch is slow, I presume, Miss Leith," coldly said Mrs. Raynes, as Mabel entered the room, and passed on to the vacant chair by her pupil's side.

"I don't know," carelessly returned Mabel, taking out her watch. "No, I think not. Mine is four minutes past the half-hour. What is yours?"

Old Jacob, who was waiting, very nearly dropped the plate he carried, as he twisted his neck to look at Mabel. Mrs. Raynes was dumb; but a small voice opposite Mabel chirped out that the clock on the mantel-shelf, which condemned her, was quite right by railway-time.

"In that case my watch is right, it *is* four minutes after," calmly said Mabel, as she looked across at the lady seated opposite her, somewhat curious as to what kind of people visited the Grove. "Yes, it all matches beautifully. Exactly the kind of friend you might expect to see here!" was her mental comment, as she smilingly met the eyes of the prim-looking little lady, gazing with open astonishment at the new governess.

Miss Pelham had great reverence for her rich friend. Her maternal grandfather had been a Lovel-Pelham, and she did not allow this to be forgotten; but her means were so infinitesimally small, that she was glad to find a seat at Mrs. Raynes' table. In her desire to make the only return it was in her power to make, she strove to be as companionable as possible, and had degenerated into toadyism, without being aware that she had. Indeed, she had come to believe that Mrs. Raynes was everything she gave her credit for being, and did her toadying in all good faith. On her side, Mrs. Raynes had no doubts whatever on the point and was not averse from hearing allusions to her high qualities of heart and brain; considering the unconscious flattery of her little friend simply as an evidence of the justness of her appreciation.

Miss Pelham was a great deal impressed by Mabel's appearance and bearing; but did not like to allow that she admired her, because Mrs. Raynes had told her she would not. More-

over, it was not for a Lovel-Pelham to countenance a governess in assuming airs unbecoming her position.

"Shall I send you some beef, Miss Leith?" asked Mrs. Raynes.

Mabel glanced at the one other dish—cold mutton—and as cheerfully as might be, decided for beef.

Silence reigned for a few minutes ; then Mrs. Raynes and Miss Pelham exchanged opinions as to the probability of the new curate taking duty the following Sunday, after which, the former addressed Mabel again :

"You did not, I hope, find your pupil backward in her studies, Miss Leith."

"Backward! No, she certainly is not that, Mrs. Raynes."

"In what do you find her most proficient?"

"Oh, I hardly know. So far as I can judge, by what she tells me of the work she is doing, arithmetic must, I think, be her strong point," returned Mabel, who had grave doubts as to its being a strong point of her own.

"The last governess considered her music satisfactory."

"Indeed! did she, really?" ejaculated Mabel, openly looking her surprise. "I should not have thought that was her speciality," turning, as she spoke, to look again at the narrow mean little face by her side, the expression of which did Selina Jane great injustice, if she possessed the slightest talent or taste for art of any kind.

Mrs. Raynes looked ominously at Selina Jane. "I hope she is not careless, Miss Leith?"

"Oh, no; she thumps away conscientiously enough."

"You are very frank," coldly remarked Mrs. Raynes, after regarding Mabel from between her narrowing eyelids for a moment.

Miss Pelham looked and really felt quite shocked; murmuring something about its being too frank for good-breeding. But her words did not reach the ears of Mabel, who replied all unconscious to Mrs. Raynes:

"Of course one is bound to be honest, and—Really, you know, Selina Jane cannot do more than her best. As to being musical,"—with another glance at her pupil's face, and mentally adding: "How could you expect it?" Then, to Mrs. Raynes, severely waiting for the rest of the sentence: "Where's the use of regretting what can't be helped?"

"But it ought to be helped, Miss Leith," with cold decision,

"It is essential that a young lady who is to take some position in society, should number music amongst her other accomplishments."

"Number it as much as you please, it will not be there," thought Mabel in some amusement, as she replied: "We all should like to be musical, as well as everything else that is charming, I suppose. But, since no amount of work will ensure talent, I do not see the use of worrying and wasting time over it to no purpose."

This was a kind of reasoning Mrs. Raynes did not at all approve of. Steady work—practising so many hours a day—ought to enable any one to become a good musician; and to her there seemed something extremely lax, not to say improper, in an instructress of youth admitting that there could be any doubts as to the efficacy of training in any direction. She was silent; but her disapproval was sufficiently evident to the others, though not to Mabel. To her the topic had suggested pleasant memories of the best music, heard in Dorothy's and Gerard's company; and she was too pre-occupied to attach any meaning to the silence that followed; or to notice the solemn looks exchanged between the two friends as they rose from the table.

Re-entering the hot, ugly schoolroom, to begin the afternoon's work with her pupil; Mabel glanced round with weary discontent. Selina Jane piled up her books upon the table, and perched herself upon her high chair, with an air that meant work.

"I do believe the creature likes it!" thought Mabel, eyeing her pupil askance, as she sank into her own seat with a little sigh. In spite of herself, her thoughts would stray to the pretty morning-room at home, with its comfortable lounges, newest books and magazines on the tables, and fresh flowers.

"Was your last governess old or young, Selina Jane?"

"Miss Thornton was about your age, I think, Miss Leith; but very different in other things."

"What things?"

"I think you cannot be so poor as she was. She had a little sister to keep, and used to dress quite shabbily, and was so terribly afraid of her clothes wearing out. Mary says she used to sit up half the night patching and mending; and dear mamma did not like to see her meanly clad, because people might think she was not well paid. Dear mamma does not approve of too much dress; she says a proper medium ought to be observed; but, Miss Thornton——"

"Poor Miss Thornton! Go on with your work, Selina Jane. What is it this afternoon?" looking at the list of subjects appointed for each day's work. "Oh, I see; history and chronology! I hope you have a better memory for dates than I have, child," she added, not having learned the policy of being reticent as to her shortcomings.

Chronology proved to be another of Selina Jane's strong points. Mabel rose from her afternoon's work, with the sensation of having been mentally pummelled; while her pupil seemed rather refreshed by the exercise than otherwise.

"I may go into the garden for half an hour before tea, if you think I have been attentive to my studies, Miss Leith."

"Yes, indeed; I am sure you have worked hard enough. Are you permitted to go alone?"

"If you do not care to go, I am."

"Go then, by all means. I prefer remaining here," replied Mabel. Half an hour's respite from the watchfulness of those ferrety little eyes would be something gained, preferable to walking in the most delightful garden ever laid out, in Selina Jane's society. Moreover, she felt no interest nor curiosity. "Everything about the place is sure to match," she thought. "The flowers must be kept in too strict order to enjoy their lives; and, as to the shrubs and trees—no wonder the two poor things in front of the house look half dead!"

A little tired and irritable, after the day's unwonted and uninteresting work, and unable to rest comfortably in the hard, uncompromising chair allotted to her, she walked restlessly up and down the room, not sufficiently shaded from the hot afternoon sun, endeavouring to nerve herself for the life, which was already beginning to seem almost insupportable to her.

"I said six months—a hundred and eighty-one more days of Selina Jane!" But it had to be endured. Not for a moment would she allow herself to contemplate the possibility of making her escape before the time agreed upon. Her pride was in arms at the bare thought.

The door opened, and the schoolroom maid entered with the tea equipage—a primitive arrangement of cups and saucers, with a tin teapot, and five thick slices of bread-and-butter upon a plate. With a half smile, Mabel wondered what would happen in the event of both her pupil and herself desiring the odd slice.

"I was to ask if you would like bread-and-cheese and a glass of beer for your supper, miss?"

"Bread and cheese and beer!" echoed Mabel, turning hotly upon the girl. "A glass of beer!"

The girl, an untrained country servant, who had spoken after the manner of her kind, and did not see where the offence lay, pleasantly replied, "There is cold meat, if you prefer it, miss."

"*And* a glass of beer?"

"Yes," with a good-natured nod and smile, quite unconscious of any satire on the other's side.

But Mabel had overcome; and, more gently replied—"No, thank you, I do not care for either. Let me have some bread-and-butter, please?"

"Perhaps you would like a glass of milk with it, miss?" kindly. "One of the young ladies chose milk."

Mabel decided for milk, and the girl left the room.

"A glass of beer!" ejaculated Mabel, as she swept up and down the room again, her hands clasped behind her; "a glass of beer!"

The door opened again, and Selina Jane demurely entered the room, her eyes looking smaller and narrower than ever, and deep red stains at the corners of her mouth.

"Been enjoying the fruit?" presently inquired Mabel, to say something.

"No, Miss Leith; I am not allowed to eat fruit, except when dear mamma gives it to me," replied Selina Jane, looking straight into Mabel's eyes.

Mabel turned away with impatient contempt. "If you are allowed to look into your dressing-glass, I advise you to go and do so at once."

Selina Jane obediently departed, and presently returned with the fruit-stains removed. But if her governess imagined that prompt obedience and silence under reproof meant that the reproof was taken in good part, she was to find herself mistaken. For the moment, she only noticed that Selina Jane appeared, if possible, more meek and submissive than before; and that she required a great deal of explanation and assistance, when she sat down to prepare her lessons for the morrow.

It was not very pleasant to be aroused from a reverie, in which she was picturing to herself the three at home just sitting down to the dinner table, adorned with everything refined, and pleasing to the eye, in the way of fruit and flowers and silver,



by the question, "What was the date of the battle of the Bovines, if you please, Miss Leith?"

"Battle of the Bovines? Oh, I don't know!"

"Do you think it was in the sixteenth century, please?"

"Some time since the Deluge, I suppose. Look in the index."

"Where had I better begin to look, please?" with meek persistence.

"The year one."

"Selina Jane bent over her book, and, after a while, informed her instructress that the date was between 1204 and 1215; graciously adding, for Mabel's edification, that it was to the battle of Bovines, England owed her great charters.

Mabel's liking for her informant did not increase; although she did not suspect her of *malice prépense*.

"Will you show me where this is wrong, if you please, Miss Leith?" presently recommenced Selina Jane.

Mabel impatiently drew the paper towards her. If there was one thing she disliked more than dates it was arithmetic; and this, she found, was a somewhat difficult algebraical question. She remembered to have gone through it; but in a way that did not help her now. She worked steadily at it for some time, but without discovering where the error was; only succeeding in getting hotter and more confused over it. She was not equal to the emergency; and felt that Selina Jane, who was watching her with triumphant eyes, knew that she was not.

"Are you sure it is rightly stated?" presently asked Mabel.

"I think so. Shall I try again, Miss Leith?"

Mabel was fain to push the paper towards her. "If you like."

"I did not reduce here," after a few minutes, explained Selina Jane, showing where the mistake had arisen.

"I hope you will be more careful another time," returned Mabel with an attempt at dignity; mentally determining to begin working up in arithmetic that very night.

After her lessons were prepared for the next day, and she had put away her books, writing materials, and what not, with careful neatness, Selina Jane informed her governess that when there were no visitors in the house, she spent the half hour before retiring to rest with "dear mamma."

She was precisely half an hour absent, and, on her return, sat down with quiet cheerfulness to eat the thick slice of bread-and-butter which constituted her supper. Afterwards she rose, presented her bony little hand, wished Miss Leith good night,

and departed with the maid, who appeared at the room door as the clock struck eight.

Mabel bent over the algebraical question, and persevered until she had worked it out. But it was some time before she succeeded; and afterwards she was glad to take her candle and go to her room. Its untidiness—everything she had thrown off during the day lying just as she had left it—once more reminded her that she had no Milner with her now. By the time she had put things into some sort of order, she felt that she had done a very hard day's work, and earned her night's rest.

She slept soundly again, and was awakened in the morning only after a succession of taps at the door of her room, becoming louder, and more peremptory, as the maid's patience was exhausted.

"It is past six, miss."

"Well, you need not make so much fuss about it," drowsily returned Mabel. "I will have some tea before I get up, Milner."

"Some tea!" ejaculated in a voice which was not Milner's, with the muttered addendum: "What next, I should like to know!"

Mabel opened her eyes, glanced round, realized the situation, and broke into a little laugh. The idea of having asked for early tea there! She got through the dressing process as expeditiously as might be, and descended to the schoolroom, where she found her pupil neat, and brisk, and bright after her hour's practice at the piano; and quite ready for the day's study.

"Fortunately, I shall be able to take Miss Selina Jane down a little when we come to Dante and Schiller—it will be my turn then," thought Mabel, who had discovered that her pupil had other weak points, besides the lack of musical ability. She reckoned literally without her host. After the frugal breakfast, they went down to the dining-room, and, when prayers were over, and the servants had filed out of the room again, Mrs. Raynes requested Mabel to remain; bidding her daughter to return to the schoolroom.

With cheerful obedience Selina Jane departed, and, as soon as the door had closed upon her, Mrs. Raynes solemnly began; "I much regret to be obliged so soon to complain, Miss Leith; and I certainly should not, without grave reason for so doing."

"Grave reason? I do not understand."

"I fear you are not sufficiently experienced for the vocation you have adopted."

"I told you this is my first engagement, Mrs. Raynes."

"Yes; you certainly did that. But there are things which a well-trained young lady might be expected to know, without having been out before. For instance, my housemaid informs me that you desired her to bring tea to you in bed, indeed, that you said you would have it before you got up."

In spite of herself, Mabel broke into a little laugh. It seemed so ridiculous put in that way, although it was literally true. But she presently remembered again, and, with flushed cheeks, began to explain she had made a mistake.

"I am willing to believe that might have been a mistake, Miss Leith; but it was a mistake that ought not to have occurred. I cannot at all understand how any one accustomed, as I was informed you have been, to a governess residing in the house, could be entirely unacquainted with the usual rules."

Mabel began to feel a little relieved. It would have been so humiliating to be found wanting upon graver grounds. "I ought not to have asked for tea to be brought to me, I suppose, but I did not know. The truth is," she added, with a frank smile, unconscious that her every word and look was telling against her, "I spoke before I was quite awake, and forgot I was governessing. Of course, I did not really mean that I would not get up without tea. I did get up without it, you know."

"I fear you have been accustomed to great indulgence, not to say extravagance, Miss Leith. But there are other things, and, of these, I have still greater reason to complain. My daughter tells me that you were unable to help her with arithmetic, and consequently she was obliged to find out where she had been wrong, as best she could for herself. Again, you were unable to give her a well-known date, and made some untimely jest about it."

"I ought not to have done that, Mrs. Raynes," replied Mabel. But in her incapability of adapting herself to circumstances, she made matters worse by frankly adding: "I always detested arithmetic, and therefore I am not so well up in it as I ought to be; but I really had gone over the ground after a fashion. As to the jest about the date, I felt bored at the moment, and——"

Mrs. Raynes coldly put a stop to further explanations—to her they sounded almost impertinent—by saying: "And I feel bound to tell you that your alluding to my daughter's playing as 'thumping away,' was not in good taste. I should strongly object to Selina Jane using so inelegant an expression. Indeed,

on the whole, I feel compelled to say that I see no chance of your suing me, and it may therefore spare us both farther trouble and unpleasantness to part at once. I do not wish to be inconsiderate or illiberal to you. I am willing to give you your travelling expenses both ways ; although, as you are aware, it was part of the agreement that you were to pay one, if, on account of any shortcoming on your side, you should not remain with me."

"I am very sorry," murmured Mabel, not a little startled as well as mortified at being so abruptly dismissed. It had not occurred to her that Mrs. Raynes would go so far as that. How very humiliating to have to return home on the third day ! How would she be able to meet them—how would she be able to endure Gerard's mocking speeches, or worse still, his eloquent silence ?

"I, too, have reason to be sorry, I think, Miss Leith."

Mabel was quite willing to allow that. "Yes ; of course you have—it's a failure altogether." She sat gazing straight before her for a few moments ; then glancing, with an involuntary smile at the other's severe, solemn face, she went on ; "I see that I do not suit you, and perhaps you are right in thinking I never should. But I really meant to do my very best."

"I do not give you credit for intending to mislead me."

"No ; indeed I did not, Mrs. Raynes. I quite thought I was able to undertake the work, and I honestly meant to put up with——"

"I cannot see that there is anything to be put up with in my house, Miss Leith," stiffly interposed Mrs. Raynes. "The salary I offer is exceptionally good, and there is only one pupil, who has been most carefully and strictly trained."

"Strictly enough, poor little mortal !" was Mabel's mental comment ; adding to Mrs. Raynes, "Yes ; there has been no lack of that."

"You found her obedient ?"

"Yes ; oh, yes, obedient enough ! At least, she was to me," replied Mabel, her thoughts reverting to the fruit and cake episodes.

"There appears to be some reservation in your mind, Miss Leith. If you have observed anything to disapprove of in Selina Jane, I hope you will let me know what it is."

"Excuse me, I should prefer not to enter into——"

"I must beg you to let me know whatever it is. The telling

me could make no difference to you now ; and it might be of some assistance to me in arranging with another governess.

"There must be something wrong somewhere ; the child does not seem a bit natural," reflectively said Mabel, her elbow in one hand, and her chin in the hollow of the other. "It is the depressing surroundings, perhaps. It can't be right to shut out everything that is beautiful from a child's life."

"I must beg you to explain," coldly said Mrs. Raynes.

"Oh, where is the use ?" impatiently ejaculated Mabel ; adding, after a moment : "Well, perhaps if you were to give your daughter a few more indulgences, and did not expect her to be so different from other children, she might be more open in her little naughtinesses."

"Will you be good enough to mention any naughtiness my daughter has endeavoured to conceal ?" said Mrs. Raynes, with an expression in her eyes so ominous to Selina Jane, that Mabel decided to make no further revelations. Of punishment, the poor child had evidently had quite enough.

"You must excuse my not saying any more, Mrs. Raynes. I have known your daughter only two days," adding, to herself : "You will never make her understand that truth is a lovely thing, by your process."

Mrs. Raynes recognized that she was dealing with a will as strong as her own, and gave up the point ; returning to the question of Mabel's departure. "Selina Jane will spend the morning with me, in order that you may have the necessary time for making your arrangements, Miss Leith. You would probably like to go by the midday train ?" presenting a cheque, which she had previously filled in.

"I cannot take your money, Mrs. Raynes ; not having earned it."

"But I have said that I would——"

"I really don't want it."

"In that case I can only conclude that my first surmise was a correct one. You have taken a situation simply because you happened to be piqued with your friends, or something of that kind ; and I must remind you this was most unfair to me."

"I did not think of that," gravely returned Mabel, conscious for the first time how little thought she had given to the subject from the employer's point of view. "But I ought to have thought of it. It was unfair to you ; and I beg your pardon, Mrs. Raynes."

"That is all you can do now, so far as I am concerned, Miss Leith. But before you take another step of the same kind, I recommend you to reflect, in justice to any lady who might be inclined to avail herself of your services, and the governess you would be keeping out of a situation, by taking one you did not require."

Mabel gazed at her open-eyed. "Nor did I think of that," she thought. "Yes; I have been unjust to others, as well as you. I see where I have been most wrong, and I thank you for pointing it out to me, Mrs. Raynes."

If Mrs. Raynes had seen a great deal in Mabel to puzzle her before, she was completely mystified by this spontaneous, and, as it seemed to her, gratuitous acknowledgment of error, on the part of one who had previously shown herself so little amenable to the judgment of others.

Mrs. Raynes could only bow, and Mabel, taking this for dismissal, wished her good morning and walked out of the room.

In her own little room she gave herself a few moments for reflection; and, after deciding to telegraph to Dorothy to meet her at the London terminus, she set about the business of packing her trunks. She was spared any difficulty in the way of obtaining a conveyance. The housemaid, who came in to offer her services in the packing, informed her that Thomas the boy was going to the railway station, and could order a fly for her if she desired it. "Mrs. Raynes seems very determined that I shall not be too late to catch the train," thought Mabel, as she signified her willingness to avail herself of the offer.

In good time for the midday express, Mabel found herself jogging along the road towards the railway station; having, in her inability to realize the position, and divest her mind of the impression that she was paying a visit, left a sum to be distributed among the servants, which not a little astonished them; to say nothing of her careless way of settling matters, with regard to such portions of her wardrobe as would not comfortably arrange themselves in her trunks. The housemaid found herself not a little the richer for Miss Leith's two days' sojourn at the Grove; and even old Jacob Greenaway so far relented in her favour, as to admit that she had proper ideas upon some points.

At the railway station, she also unconsciously made her departure a royal one. The porters flew to attend upon her, and the guard took her under his special care for the journey.



## CHAPTER VII.

## WILD AND IMPROPER.

At the London terminus Mabel found Dorothy and Parker anxiously awaiting the arrival of the train.

"How glad am I to get you back again! Ah, Mab, if you knew how glad!"

"And what it is to have a Dorrie to come back to! I feel as though I had been away for ages, and in another world. How is everybody?"

"All well."

"You did not say anything to auntie or Gerard about coming to meet me."

"No; I obeyed you literally. Your letter will be a delightful surprise."

"I am not going back, Dorrie—not just yet."

"Not going home! I do not understand. Oh, Mab, why?"

"I want to try once more. To tell the truth I have been—what is it, Parker?—turned out of my situation. It is not pleasant to think of, but I have been sent away at a moment's notice; and now I shall not rest until I have proved whether I was as much to blame, as I appeared to Mrs. Raynes to be. To do this, I must— But come to the waiting-room with me, Dorrie. We will talk it over there, while Parker sees after the trunks. Leave them in charge, please, Parker. I may have to remain here until to-morrow."

"I do not see why they should not be taken home at once," doggedly returned Parker, ignoring what had reached her ears as to Mabel's intention not to return.

"Pray do not look at me in that fierce way, you dear old Parker, when you know you just heard me say I am not going back yet."

"I could not suppose you were in earnest, Miss Mabel. But if you are, I for one," with a solemn warning glance towards the elder sister, am not going to abet you in anything so—wild, and—and—improper!"

"My dear Parker, wild and improper to be a governess! Between ourselves I am not at all sure I was considered proper

enough. At any rate, I was very quickly packed off, as you see."

"I will not lend myself," solemnly recommenced Parker, as she tried to meet the beautiful laughing eyes turned upon her with a look of determination. But she found herself obliged to yield—so far as to go off and do the young lady's bidding in the matter of placing the luggage in charge at the office.

The sisters went to the waiting-room, where, as shortly as she could, Mabel gave the history of the two days' sojourn at the Grove; taking her full share of the blame. She was, indeed, too conscious of her own shortcomings to be less than just to Mrs. Raynes. But what she said was quite enough for Dorothy, equally inexperienced in such matters.

"You must not expect me to regret it very much, since it is the cause of my getting you back again," said Dorothy. "But what a dreadful child, Mab, dear!"

"Well, I hope I have not set down aught in malice; but she really did seem dreadful to me, and everything about her matched; though it was all proper enough, even to satisfy Parker. All the same, my conscience is not quite clear. Something Mrs. Raynes said occasioned me not a little anxiety; showing me, as it did, that I had undoubtedly been to blame in one respect."

"You!"

"Yes; and it cost me a good hour's thought, on my journey up, to find a way out of the difficulty; but I did find it; and—Dorrie, I want you to go to the agent for me, and from amongst the governesses on her books, select two or three of the older ladies, and write to them, offering six months' salary, in order that they may take a holiday by the sea, or wherever they may choose to go. They ought to have at least fifty or sixty pounds each, I should think, because there would be the board and lodging, you know, and they ought to be free from all care."

"I understand. What a kind thought, Mab!"

"Mrs. Raynes ought to have the credit for suggesting it, dearie. She guessed I was not working for my bread, and reminded me that I was taking the place of those who are. Of course I saw at once she was right; the question was how to get over the difficulty, but I flatter myself I worked out the problem satisfactorily at last. Will you see after this, for me? None would do it so kindly as you would, and—oh, Dorrie, if

you only knew what some governesses have to go through! Choose the elder ladies, and pet them to your heart's content, for my sake, dearie! And, oh yes, I must not forget that; do not say a word about it to any one at home; and lend me the money till I come into my own. There would be so much fuss if I went to the trustees; and my allowance always goes by the end of the quarter, you know."

"Certainly I will. Perhaps one of the ladies might like to go to Miss Alleyn. There is plenty of room at the Cottage, and she feels a little lonely when we are away. It is near the Park, too; and the country round is so pretty. But you are going home, Mab? Of course you were only in jest in saying you are not;" said Dorothy, with an anxious side glance into her sister's face.

"I meant what I said. I could not"—she hesitated a moment, flushing hotly, then hurriedly added—"after such a defeat."

"Dear Mab, why should you mind having made a mistake."

"You would not, I know. In that one thing we are different. But we are alike in another way; failure does not prevent us from making another attempt. Do not try to persuade me out of it, Dorrie; for it would be no use—no more than my trying to induce you to leave off making such a dear old guy of yourself, with those ugly gowns. The fact is, we are peculiar people; not to be persuaded out of our peculiarities. Yours is a grander craze, of course; but there is something to be said for mine, too, I think. If I succeed but in improving myself, I shall be benefiting humanity in a small way, you know. Gerard himself couldn't find fault with that bit of logic, I flatter myself."

"But you might, at any rate, go home until you have made another engagement. It is quite out of the question to think of going anywhere else."

"Out of the question to stay at the hotel here for a night? There will be no necessity for my staying longer, I hope. Now, do not look so dreadfully frightened, Dorrie. Do listen before you object. I arranged it all in my mind on my way up. I need stay here only until I receive a reply to a letter, which I can get by midday to-morrow. You know we could not at first decide which of the offers I had it would be better to accept, and auntie thought Mrs. Raynes' seemed the more promising, because there was only one pupil. The other, a Mrs. Brandreth, seeking a

governess for her three children, was also willing to take one who had not been out before ; and I am going to telegraph to her. If the situation is still vacant, and she is willing to engage me, I will try again. Beechwoods may have only half a beech to boast of, but it cannot be less like a wood than Mrs. Raynes' place like a grove, nor could there be three other children in the world like Selina Jane, and anything different must be better."

"To go away again—so far?"

"Only about an hour's journey down, Dorrie."

"I do not think I ought to consent, without consulting——"

"Don't be violent, dearie. You may leave Parker to protect me at the hotel here until to-morrow's post comes in, if it will make you happier and you think I am not to be trusted to take care of myself as any governess would be. Aunt Jenny would be terrified out of her wits at the idea of my having only Parker to protect me, of course ; but you can spare her feelings by saying nothing about it to her, until I have set forth upon my travels again."

Dorothy could only hope that Mrs. Brandreth might have engaged some one else, in which case Mabel might be induced to return home.

"Parker will stay with you, of course, if you are quite determined. Auntie will not miss her, and the servants will think I have given her leave to visit her invalid sister again. But, dear Mab——"

"No buts, Dorrie. Just get used to the idea, while Parker and I telegraph to Mrs. Brandreth, and send the carriage home. Afterwards, we will dine together, like lone, lorn damsels, who—— What do lorn young women dine upon, Dorrie? I have eaten nothing since eight o'clock breakfast at the Grove. It is now four, and my appetite was never very ethereal, you know."

Dorothy hardly knew whether to regret it or not, when, just as they had finished dinner, a telegram was put into Mabel's hand, with the information that Mrs. Brandreth was unsuited and inclined to avail herself of Miss Leith's services, and that instructions would follow by the morning's post.

So far, fortune seemed to smile on her new venture ; and Mabel soon contrived to dispose of her sister's last remaining scruples ; all the more easily, perhaps, because Dorothy could see that she was certainly none the worse for the Grove experience.

Leaving Parker "on guard," as Mabel termed it—although she did not feel quite so brave and independent as she wished it to be thought she did—Dorothy returned home in time to make her appearance at the dinner-table.

The next day, Parker and her young mistress stood once more reluctantly watching the train that was bearing Mabel away from them glide slowly out of the station. Dorothy stood silent with quivering lips ; her anxious, yearning eyes following the train until it was out of sight. Parker gave vent to her feelings in characteristic fashion, expressing herself somewhat strongly with respect to what she termed the young girls' "vagaries." "For two young ladies brought up so carefully and tenderly, as they had been, with heaps of money, and everything else in the world to make them happy, to go about in search of misery in the way they did, was nothing less than tempting of Providence. I don't know which is worse, Miss Dorothy, Miss Mabel's governessing, as she calls it, or your going about visiting the low people in that dreadful court."

"I can imagine no better visiting than that, if I were only more fitted for it, Parker ;" gently said Dorothy.

"Fitted ! How could you be fitted to go about among such people as they are, Miss Leith—what lady would be ? It's right to be kind, and good to the poor, of course ; but, as Mrs. Harcourt says, there is a proper ladylike way of being charitable and you have plenty of opportunity for it in your own village, where the people are clean, and tidy, and respectable, and know how to behave to those above them. No danger of your seeing anything to shock or distress you, amongst such as them—that is, if you go at the right time, as a lady ought to do, and they know you are coming. As for Mr. Aubyn—well, I suppose he does for that neighbourhood ; but what a difference between him and the old vicar at home ! You wouldn't find Mr. Daubeney sitting on the floor with his coat off, nursing dirty children. Mr. Daubeney knows what is due to his position."

"It is certainly a very different one from Mr. Aubyn's," said Dorothy, smiling to herself at the thought of the dignified old vicar so employed.

"Very," shortly returned Parker. Like her old mistress, she had old-fashioned notions about most things, and she had never before seen a clergyman of Mr. Aubyn's kind. His careless, somewhat abrupt manner, and shabby clothes, did not at all accord with Parker's ideas of propriety. "It is no wonder

that Mrs. Harcourt begins to look old for her age, worried as she is by all these goings on," she added, aiming a last shaft, and eyeing Dorothy sharply the while, to note the effect.

"Please do not, Parker;" gently remonstrated Dorothy, laying her hand upon the other's arm. "I know you mean well; but it only makes things more difficult for me."

Yes; opposition might make things more difficult, but it would have no other effect; it was just that which so irritated Parker.

"Nothing will prevent your going to that dreadful court; not even the finding that people don't want to be made better than they are;" thought Parker, adding aloud, with another anxious glance at the quiet decided face by her side; "As to Mr. Aubyn, he seemed to forget he was talking to a lady. You will not want to see him again, I should think."

"Nonsense, Parker! We are going to-morrow morning," in a tone which gave it to be understood that there was to be no further discussion upon the point.

Had Parker been acquainted with Mr. Aubyn's antecedents, she might have seen still greater cause for anxiety lest he should encourage her young mistress in her eccentricities, and lead her still further from the beaten track, than she had yet strayed.

Five years previously, Reginald Aubyn, the younger son of a family of ancient, if not greatly honoured, name, had held a commission in the Guards, and was known to be not the least reckless and extravagant of his spendthrift race. But he had qualities which rendered him a universal favourite; and seemed so naturally and without effort of his own to take the lead amongst his associates, that his colonel affirmed, if Aubyn were to set the fashion of quiet living, the whole regiment would be transformed. However this might be, there were indications that the impetus once given, reason which then stood aloof, coldly watching the vagaries of the senses, would resume its sway, and he himself would be transformed.

He had reached his twenty-fifth year, and life was still at its fever height, when the crisis came, an event taking place which changed the whole current of his life. A young fellow officer, who had been his most intimate friend and associate, came one night to his room, half mad with despair; and, after narrating a miserable tale of fraud and shame, shot himself through the heart, and fell dead at Aubyn's feet. His was the task to bear



the last message to the widowed, and now childless, mother. He, the companion—frequently the leader—in many a wild orgie, had to listen to the mother's accusations, uttered in the first abandonment of her grief, of his having been the cause of her son's ruin. He did not defend himself by stating that he knew nothing of the dishonourable transaction her son had been engaged in, nor attempt to salve his conscience in any way. There was the fact that his friend's life had been wrecked, and no hand was held out to help him. The deed of fraud had been but the culminating point of what had gone before.

Shortly afterwards, Reginald Aubyn sold his commission, and went into the Church. It was arranged very quietly; only two or three being aware of the great revulsion that had taken place in his mind. As the family interest lay more with the Church than with the Army, his own people regarded the step as a commercial speculation, taking it for granted that he intended to avail himself of such opportunities as would offer of rising to eminence in the profession. He had as yet done nothing to fulfil their expectations. He remained in the low neighbourhood he had first chosen for the field of his labours, and it was beginning to be thought he would do no more credit to his name and race in one profession than he had in the other.

There must, they thought, be something radically wrong in a young man who could deliberately choose to separate from his own class, in order to spend his life amongst the most degraded and this at a time when such eccentricity was not in vogue and it was open to him to step into a succession of good livings, with the prospect of wearing the lawn.

When, three years after he had taken orders, he unexpectedly came into a large funded property and fine estate, he seemed in no way inclined to alter his mode of life. Nor did he appear to be more lavish of his money, beyond engaging an extra curate. He lived in the same simple way as before, and gave away, or appeared to do so no more than he had previously done. But great improvements were surely, if slowly, taking place in the neighbourhood. It came to be understood in the district, that he acted for some eccentric gentleman, who, although adamant to a certain class, and with so wonderful a knowledge of their ways, that it was impossible to deceive him, had money at his disposal. Such men and women as could be induced to take Mr. Aubyn's advice, and endeavour to live more cleanly lives, found themselves assisted in a quiet way; and the children

seemed to be kept especially under the eye of the mysterious benefactor.

In Thieves' Alley, a place some degrees more degraded, and apparently hopeless, than Grigg's Court, there was going on in the same quiet way a change for the better. It had been as yet so gradual as to be scarcely noticeable; but the lowest and worst there were beginning to understand that the parson's mysterious friend would be found ready to lend a helping hand to any giving proof of a desire to help themselves. In charity, according to their sense of the word, he gave nothing; and, to the parson himself, it was understood to be useless to appeal. The first three years he had spent amongst them it had been made plain enough that he had only himself to give, and none knew of his sudden accession of wealth.

The property, amounting to something like twenty thousand a year, had come from a distant connection, who, unsuspected by Aubyn, had been watching his career. The testator had given no hint of his intention during his life, and the bequest was burdened with but one condition—that of taking his name.

The family were now disposed to regard Aubyn's eccentricities with more toleration. It had come to be understood that he was not likely to marry, and, rather than he should become a benedict one branch of his family would prefer his indulging in any amount of eccentricity. The widow of his brother, to whom and her children he gave a home at the beautiful country seat, where he himself rarely remained more than two or three days at a time, indulged the hope that the property would eventually come to her son.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### BEECHWOODS.

"I tell you it did, Mima!"

"Don't contradict; it's rude to contradict."

"But I peeped through the bannister, and saw it go out ever so far from her bonnet, nearly along the wall."

"It couldn't, Algy. Nobody's nose could go out so far. It is not true."

"Hush, dears! hush, Miss Mima! This is the young lady come to be your governess; and you mustn't let her hear you talk about not telling the truth, you know," said the nursery maid, a

young woman of about two or three and twenty, who was ushering Mabel into the room.

"But I do not think it was meant to be untrue, and that makes a difference, does it not?" said Mabel, smilingly. "Some one by my side was pointing out the things to be taken upstairs for me. Perhaps it was an arm, instead of a nose, that seemed to come from my bonnet; and we know shadows are apt to exaggerate."

"We did not think of that," said Algy, as the three children, himself about seven years of age, and two sisters of eight and ten, stood looking up with curious eyes into the new governess's face.

She was gazing quite as curiously at them.

"I am glad your nose isn't really so long," presently said Mima.

"And so am I," returned Mabel. "It would be so very awkward for me when I walked in a wood, or got into a carriage, would it not?"

They laughed out merrily, and Sissy, the elder of the three, slipped her hand into Mabel's, looking up into her face with the air of having quite made up her mind. It was as good a beginning, perhaps, as could have been devised, for setting her and her pupils at ease with each other. With many admonitions as to their behaviour, the nurse quitted the room. Mabel seated herself in one of the low comfortably cushioned window-seats, and proceeded to make acquaintance; Sissy and Mima on either side, and Algy on a stool at her feet; his elbows on his knees, his chin between his hands, and his eyes uplited to hers.

She looked more critically at the three faces; Sissy's, plain, but for the earnest intelligent eyes; Mima's, pudgy, good-natured, and commonplace; Algy's, beautiful, if somewhat too delicately so for a boy; and breathed a sigh of relief. They were each quite sufficiently unlike Selina Jane to encourage her in the hope that she might get on with them. And the room they were in was so entirely and delightfully unlike the school-room at the Grove. A large, cheerful, and not too oppressively formal, or neat-looking room; its three deep-set windows commanding a wide view of a beautifully wooded park, sloping now with a gentle undulation, now with a sudden dip, shady glades, and sweeps of green sward stretching down towards the not very distant sea, glimpses of which were here and there visible between the trees.

"What a pretty home you have!" presently said Mabel

unaware that, while gazing from the window, she herself had undergone a critical examination, and that signals had already been exchanged as to the verdict. "There must be delightful nooks and hiding-places for games out there. That beautiful hollow, down amongst the trees to the left, looks as though it had been specially designed for spinning fancies in."

"Spinning?" dubiously echoed Mima.

"I think Miss Leith means story-telling," said Sissy, the elder girl.

"Stories! Oh, 'licious! Will you really tell us some stories, Miss Leith?"

Mabel saw that it would not do to promise to satisfy appetites for that kind of food so voracious as these appeared to be; and therefore replied, with what she flattered herself was a proper, Minerva air, "I only said it looked like a nice place for telling them in. Stories, like other indulgences, would only be a consequence of good behaviour."

"It's such a bother being good," meditatively said Algy. "It's ever so much nicer to be naughty; unless—— How are you going to punish us when we are not good, Miss Leith?"

With three pairs of eyes bent judicially upon her, Mabel tried to appear equal to the occasion; replying with an easy confident air, "Oh, there are many ways of dealing with refractory children."

"But what is your way, please?"

"That would of course depend upon the kind of naughtiness, and which of you misbehaved," beginning to feel quite proud of her diplomatic powers.

"Suppose we were all naughty together, and in all manner of ways?"

"In that case, something very determined would have to be done," said Mabel, trying to recollect the punishments inflicted upon Dorothy and herself in the past. "You would have to go without pudding for dinner, or something of that kind."

"But we mustn't be punished that way, if you please, Miss Leith. We are always to have our pudding just the same, because Algy is delicate, and won't have his dinner without pudding," said Mima, hurriedly adding—"and he won't have it unless Sissy and I have ours too, will you, Algy dear?"

"No," returned Algy, with a grave determined nod.

"Then you must not be allowed to go for a walk, or have any play hour," as determinedly said Mabel.

"But we mustn't be kept in either, please ; for it would make Algy's head ache, and he won't go unless we do, because that would make it ache worse," explained Mima.

"And we don't care for any of the other things that have been tried!" triumphantly added Algy, springing up from the stool, catching up one foot in his hand, twirling round on the other, and sitting down again.

"What little——!" Mabel kept back the words that sprang to her lips, and reflected, conscious that she was being keenly watched the while ; then, not to be beaten, gravely said, "As it is essential you shall be made to care, I suppose the only course left will be to——" She paused a moment, almost at her wit's end. "To do what?" she asked herself—"it seems to want a big word"—adding to them, "to adopt the Carthusian method."

"Thusian!" they murmured, as much impressed as she could desire ; looking first at each other, then back to her face again, with anxious inquiring eyes ; "What is the 'Thusian method, please, Miss Leith?"

"I would rather not enter into the subject just now ; I will explain at the proper time," mysteriously lowering her eyes, lest the sharp little ones fastened upon her should see what she did not wish to be seen. Gravity was of the utmost importance at such crisis.

"'Thusian? 'Thusian? Did you have it done to you, Miss Leith? Is it hard to bear?"

"It will not do to explain just yet, lest the silent system should also have no terror from them," thought Mabel, as she replied ; "I can tell you no more about it at present."

"But if you only would—just one little word, that we may know what to——"

"Not now," with decision.

But Mima presently found comfort, as she gazed at Mabel. "You look kind," she murmured, "and you are so pretty! Oh, Sissy!" stopping short, and gazing at her with a sudden remembrance.

Sissy returned a little nod of assent, looking mysteriously at Mabel.

"I know," said Algy. "They are thinking of what Soames told Jane the housemaid, Miss Leith, about Miss Wyatt wanting to marry Uncle Reggie."

"And she said no one that was pretty would be allowed to

come here again for fear. But you are prettier than Miss Wyatt—ever so much!" added Mima.

"Only," put in Sissy, "perhaps, Miss Leith will not want to marry him."

"No;" Mabel was very decided about that.

"Miss Hurst of Leighlands would have married him, if mamma hadn't been very very careful," said Mima, quoting again.

"Delightful person your mamma must be!" thought Mabel, drawing back her head.

"Nobody must marry him!" decidedly said Algy; "because then I shall have Beechwoods, and all his money when he dies. It is no use being an earl, without money."

"Are you going to be an earl?"

"It is not quite quite sure yet, Miss Leith. But Soames, that is nurse, you know, says they 'spect Cousin Bertie isn't going to live much longer, and if he dies, and Uncle Edward doesn't have any more little boys, and my other uncle doesn't marry, I shall be, by the time I'm a man, perhaps. Only I shall want Uncle Reggie's money as well, you know," with a beautiful smile.

"Nobody wants to marry Uncle Richard, because he's poor; he's got to marry a rich lady," put in Mima. "Uncle Richard is mamma's brother, and Uncle Edward and Uncle Reggie were papa's."

Desiring to hear no further revelations, Mabel guided the talk into fresh channels; and by the time the nurse re-entered the room, had found something to like in each of the children; the worldly wisdom mixed up with their childish confidences, notwithstanding.

Soames gave her the information that Mrs. Brandreth was gone to an archery meeting, a few miles distant, and was not expected to return until later in the evening; adding that she was to take charge of the children for the rest of the day, in order that Miss Leith might have time to unpack.

"Oh, very well;" replied Mabel. There was something in the woman's look and manner which jarred upon her. It did not occur to her that, to Soames' eyes, she might appear to be assuming a tone above her position. She strove to overcome the slight prejudice she felt, thinking that perhaps it was only manner; but, in spite of herself, her tone was a little curt in reply, and this had its effect.



Mabel went to her own room, which adjoined the schoolroom and had the same outlook upon the beautiful park. The room was large, and comfortably furnished, as well as cheerful. There were book-shelves, a writing-table, easy-chair, and sundry other evidences that she was regarded as a civilized being, she thought, appreciating it all, as she would not have done before going through her experience at the Grove. In fact the things were there, simply because they had been found there when Mrs. Brandreth took up her residence at Beechwoods.

Mabel sat down and wrote a few lines to Dorothy, gave the letter to a servant who brought her some tea, and who told her it was in good time for the post-bag, sent to the village twice a day; and then proceeded to make acquaintance with her surroundings. Seating herself in the cushioned window-seat, and clasping her hands at the back of her head, she gazed at the beautiful scene with its fine old trees crowned by the setting sun, and looking like familiar friends, until she fell into a pleasant reverie. So entirely had she forgotten where she was, that when she after awhile became aware that some one was tapping at her room door, she carelessly called out, "Come in," without turning her head.

"Pray do not let me disturb you; I know one is always glad of a little rest after a journey; and I will not intrude longer than just to bid you welcome to Beechwoods, Miss Leith," in a well-bred, softly modulated tone.

Looking round, Mabel beheld a tall, slight, fashionable, and, but for the somewhat faded expression of her well-cut features, fine-looking woman of about thirty-three or four years of age.

Advancing, she gracefully added a few words to the effect that she hoped Miss Leith would find her room quite comfortable; and her pupils not too shockingly backward and troublesome.

Mabel rose to meet her in agreeable surprise. The children's revelations had given her an unfavourable impression of Mrs. Brandreth, and in her relief at finding herself addressed with so much courtesy, Mabel somewhat over-estimated its value.

Mrs. Brandreth prided herself a great deal upon her manner; especially towards "governesses and people;" but her courtesy was, in truth, but a very thin veneer upon less estimable qualities.

"You are very kind, Mrs. Brandreth. Yes, everything is quite comfortable here, and I think I shall be able to get on with the

children. We have been making acquaintance already," smiling at the recollection, and sure now that they had only repeated servant's talk, which their mother knew nothing about. "They seem very frank."

Mrs. Brandreth cast a side glance at the beautiful fashionably attired girl, looking quite as self-possessed as herself, and was silent a moment in her surprise; then replied, "You will find them dreadful little barbarians, I fear. My time is so completely taken up, that I have not been able to give them the attention they require, of late. They have, indeed, been running quite wild the last few months; and you will I expect find them backward in all ways," wondering how it was that she found herself entering into explanations, which she was not accustomed to do, especially with people she employed, and still going on to make them.

"My little boy is not very strong, and I have allowed his sisters to remain idle with him too long perhaps. But they must really begin to work now. Algy is still too delicate to be much pushed on just yet, I suppose; but I hope you will be able to do something with Sissy and Mima. Arrange their studies as you please; only I should not like them to work too hard—not more than four hours a day for the present. Exercise and fresh air are so very important on account of their figures and complexions. So very unfortunate to be left with three children. I think I mentioned I am a widow—and for Algy, who will be able to afford to be independent of them, to have all the good looks of the family, too! Having two plain girls on my hands will be quite serious by-and-by, will it not? But we must do what we can for them. Should you discover any speciality in either of them for music, or what not, pray make the most of it, Miss Leith. Talent goes for something in these days; and we must not neglect anything which may give them a chance." What she meant by giving them a chance, being as plainly expressed as though it were put into words.

"That reminds me," went on Mrs. Brandreth, after another glance at Mabel, "I shall be entertaining occasionally, in a quiet way; and may be glad of your assistance in the drawing-room after dinner, in playing a little dance music, or an accompaniment. You have been accustomed to do that sometimes, I suppose."

"I can play a little dance music—sufficient for that sort of thing," slowly replied Mabel, unconsciously speaking with slight hauteur. "I told you, when I first wrote, that I had no experience,

Mrs. Brandreth ;" adding, to be quite correct, "Since then I have been to one place ; but only for two days."

"Two days !" echoed Mrs. Brandreth.

"Not long enough to gain much experience, was it ?" said Mabel, with a frank smile.

"Nothing unpleasant, I hope ?"

"Everything was."

"And you found it impossible to remain ?"

"Not exactly that. I really meant to put up with—that is—" She hesitated, then, getting impatient with herself, shortly added, "I had no choice in the matter."

Mrs. Brandreth was silent a few moments. She was too much a woman of the world to misjudge a girl who could speak with what she herself considered to be such unnecessary frankness ; but she was also too much of a woman of the world to appear to make light of the matter ; gravely replying, "I hope we shall not have any cause to regret the arrangement between us."

"I hope not," slowly returned Mabel, already beginning to see a little less to admire in the other.

Mrs. Brandreth had only spoken conventionally, and did not notice whether the other replied or not ; going on in an even languid voice, "And occasionally, when I am quite alone, it will be good for the children to go down with you to dine at the luncheon-table ; to accustom them—that is, give you all a little change, you know."

Mabel made a little bow serve for reply ; trying to think that Mrs. Brandreth meant to be kind and considerate ; and wondering how it was she took such prejudices against people.

"And, by the way—Oh, yes ; you go to church, I suppose, Miss Leith ? I forgot to inquire that in my letter."

"Yes, I go to church," replied Mabel, imagining that Mrs. Brandreth meant to inquire whether she went to church or chapel.

"Much better taste, I think. I make it a point to attend the morning service, and I like my children to go twice, when the weather permits."

"Better taste !" Mabel silently inclined her head, her eyes downcast, and Mrs. Brandreth availed herself of the opportunity to take a more critical survey of the new governess ; noting every detail of face and figure, not omitting the pretty summer toilette of the latest style. If the rest of Miss Leith's wardrobe corresponded with what she was now wearing, she must spend a

great deal more upon dress than one in her position ought to spend.

Mrs. Brandreth was quite sure that she herself did not dress extravagantly for the mere love of it. Was she not always complaining of the stern decrees of fashion, which necessitated such long bills, and unpleasant scenes with a certain unconscionable person? Miss Leith had no position to maintain, and, if she wore expensive clothes, it must be simply because it was her taste to be extravagant, unless—How could any girl be unconscious of the value of such a face and figure as that, and, being conscious of it, how was she likely to settle down to the drudgery of teaching?

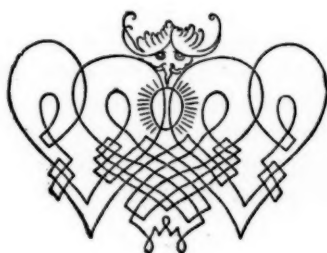
"Fortunately," thought Mrs. Brandreth, after another glance at Mabel, "Richard has now something else to think about; and Reginald will not take a long holiday again, for some time to come. There will be no opportunity—it will be for me to see there is not—when he runs down for a day or two. Hosts of things may happen before he comes down at Christmas!" a smile brightening her face for a moment, as her thoughts dwelt upon one special thing. "If the talked-of yachting expedition came off shortly, *he* would be one of the party. Had not Mrs. Duncombe said that her brother was very desirous to join them? Without giving occasion for remark, there would be the opportunity which alone seemed wanting, to bring matters to a crisis."

Entirely absorbed in the agreeable contemplation of what might be expected to come of the yachting expedition, she walked out of the room, without giving another thought to Mabel; her exit in marked contrast with the elaborate courtesy of her entrance.

"Not many rules and regulations, at any rate," thought Mabel, as she proceeded to do a little towards unpacking and arranging the contents of her trunks. "The principal consideration seems to be the care of their figures and complexions. It certainly ought to be possible to remain in this place, I should think, since I don't want to marry Uncle Reggie." It gave her some importance in her own eyes, to be accorded the privilege of arranging her pupils' studies as she pleased, so that they were not overworked; and three or four hours a day would not prove very irksome to either herself or them, she told herself. And the honour of it! There must certainly be more credit in managing three pupils, than one.

Upon a larger acquaintance with Beechwoods, she found nothing to which she could object. Little dainties from the late dinner made their appearance at the supper table, in welcome contrast with the Grove fare ; and the maid, whose duty it was to wait in the schoolroom, seemed good-natured and desirous to please. It was enjoyable too, afterwards, to spend a quiet hour in the cushioned window-seat, gazing dreamily upon the peaceful scene without—the park, partly white with silvery moonlight, partly veiled in dim, mysterious shadow. If her thoughts now and again strayed in a certain prohibited direction, she resolutely forced them back again, and lay down to rest, more at peace with herself than she had been for many a long day.

*(To be continued.)*



"QUEM VIRUM AUT HEROA."

HORACE, ODES I. 12.



I.

WHAT man, what hero shall the Muse proclaim,  
Clio! with lyre or flute? What God? Whose name  
Shall Echo's mocking voice resound  
From Helicon's dark groves or Pindus' dells profound,  
Or Hæmus clothed with snow? Hæmus, whose wood  
By music charmed, blindly that song pursued  
His mother taught to Orpheus—strong to stay  
The wind, the rushing flood,  
And bind the listening oaks to his melodious lay.

2.

Sing first of him who throned above  
Rules gods and men, the earth, the sea,  
The seasons' changeful harmony,  
And circling planets—Jove,  
He reigns supreme—alone—  
Equal or greater, none.

3.

Pallas in honour next; and thou  
Unconquered Liber! and the might  
Of Dian, huntress-queen of night,  
And Phœbus, lord of the unerring bow.

4.

Sing Hercules and Leda's sons,  
The Horseman-god, the athlete bold,  
High in the heavens enrolled:—  
When from their starry thrones  
Their silver beams they pour



The surge subsides upon the rocky shore,  
The clouds disperse, the storm is heard no more,  
The threatening wave—for such their will—  
Sleeps on an Ocean still.

5.

Say next what Roman claims the Poets' pen?  
Great Romulus, or Numa's peaceful reign?  
Tarquin's proud fasces, Cato's noble death?  
Regulus, or Paullus who on Cannæ's field  
Lavish of life, disdained to fly or yield,  
And gave to Rome his last expiring breath?  
Camillus, queller of the Gaul,  
Curius, with wind-tossed locks unshorn,  
Fabricius bribe-contemning—all  
From rustic toil and penury upborne  
To triumph in Rome's Capitol?

6.

Marcellus' glory like a tree  
Groweth in secret, silently:  
The Julian planet blazes from afar  
Like the full Moon that dims each lesser star.

7.

Guardian and sire of men, in whose strong hand  
The Fates have lodged our Cæsar's destiny,  
Reign thou aloft, Saturnian Jove! May he,  
Second, but less than thou, at thy command  
Bind captive to his car  
The Parthian ever threatening war,  
The Indian and the Mede to ruin hurled;  
May he, 'neath thee, in justice rule the world!  
Shake thou the spheres with fiery wheels, great Jove!  
And bid thy thunder smite each sin-polluted grove!

STEPHEN E. DE VERE.

## GREAT STEAMSHIP LINES.

### III.—THE SOUTH ATLANTIC AND MAGELLAN'S STRAITS.

TAKING it all round, the North Atlantic trip is not a pleasant one ; it is certainly hazardous, and the passenger can scarcely expect to escape "hard weather" of some description, even if he avoid cyclones or a gale on the green waters of Newfoundland's banks. The passage to the south and west is of a very different character. When one is acquainted with the western ocean, and has experienced the biting winds of its desolate colourless seas, it is like taking a yacht voyage to go more south to Jamaica, Colon, Trinidad, or to Pernambuco and the Brazilian coast. To run down the north-east trades even to a malarial country, for in all these places yellow-fever is endemic, is preferable to encountering North Atlantic weather, and if the voyage be extended further south, through the south-east trades, past the snow-bound Falklands to Magellan's Straits, where gales are perpetual, the sight of a land which is picturesque and interesting will atone for many disagreeables. From Magellan himself down to Darwin, there have been travellers who have touched even the barren desolation of the western part of the Straits with that personal interest which is given by the stories of courage, endurance and skill of the seaman, and the scientific discovery which implies all three qualities. Interesting as the North Atlantic is, the South Atlantic surpasses it in variability of charm ; it is more the great ocean : by reason of its very greatness we must under present conditions go slower upon its surface, for the steamers which may run 3000 miles at 20 knots can barely reach a record of 14 when the distance is twice, thrice, or even four times as great. For it is over 6000 miles to Buenos Ayres, and 11,000 to Callao through the pass discovered in 1520 by Fernan de Magelhaen.

The prevailing winds in the North Atlantic are westerly. Going to the West Indies we get partially into the region of the trades; voyaging to Brazil we pass through those of the northern hemisphere. These trade-winds blow all the year round in both hemispheres, and impart a peculiar character to the latitudes between the tropics of Cancer and Capricorn. They are due, of course, to the ascending air currents about the equator. The air which rushes in to supply the equatorial vacuum would, if the earth had no diurnal motion, blow from the north and south directly, but the daily motion draws the two currents to the west, and makes them north-east and south-east trades. They vary very much in strength; sometimes they are light breezes in which a sailing vessel can carry all her "stunsails,"—if indeed she has not discarded these rapidly dying aids to progression, which do little good beyond supplying the foremast hands with work—and sometimes they blow with nearly the force of a light gale. They usually die a degree or two north or south of the equator. Yet once I remember getting heavy south-east trades two and a half degrees north of the line, which we crossed on a taut bowline at eleven knots. Steamers do not trouble about the Doldrums or region of equatorial calms, but I have counted fifteen sail boxing the compass a few miles north of the line, waiting for every catspaw to put them a little nearer the trade they wished to catch. The steamer goes straight through the oily sea, which is calm, but not without a faint swell, whose crests, discerned with difficulty, are far apart, and mark a coming wind, or one which has passed by. Whether true or not, it is a common opinion at sea that a swell may herald wind which is yet unfelt, and unnoted by the sailor's knowledge or barometric warning.

The service of steamers to North America, to the Dominion of Canada, and the Straits is simple. Although the distance is long enough, it is in character similar to the services of Continental boats which ply between Dover and Calais, Folkestone and Boulogne, Harwich and Antwerp. The main notion is to get the thing over. However comfortable a passenger may be, the vessel cannot become his home in a short week. Moreover, there are no intermediate ports. When we are at Queens-town or Moville we have not yet left the United Kingdom. But when we go south by way of Portugal to the Argentine, or further still to Valparaiso, the character of the voyage changes. We go slower, we stop oftener, we get to know people, we part

from them, make new acquaintances, see half-a-dozen countries, become vaguely acquainted with a hundred curious customs, and find at the end of the passage that the vessel has become a home to us, that we have put down roots, become part of an organism. And this is only part of the difference. Going to New York, the passengers are English, German, or American. The passengers are practically all Teutonic, although a few Scandinavians may come among them. Going south, there is a very large proportion of the Latin races ; Italian, and Spaniards, who talk a language which is truly Spanish and guttural, or softened and South American, are taken on board. The southern lines are more cosmopolitan, more mixed in the racial characteristics of their passengers. They also go slower, as I have said. There is some parallel between the American who wants to "do" Europe in three weeks and the rate of speed at which he comes, just as there is between the Spaniard and the lesser rate of travel which does not weary him as it would a Teuton, or Saxon, or American.

Two English lines have, to a great extent, the monopoly and command of the South American trade. These are the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, sailing from Southampton, and the Pacific Steam Navigation, whose headquarters are at Liverpool. As far as the east coast of South America is concerned, these two powerful companies are rivals. On the west coast the Royal Mail has no steamers, but by its West Indian boats takes passengers to Colon, whence crossing the Isthmus of Panama they can go south to Peru and Chile by the vessels of the Pacific Steam Navigation. On that route to the south-west of America these companies work harmoniously and play into each other's hands.

The Royal Mail Packet Company received its charter in 1839. But it was 1842 before their first vessel left this country. She started from Falmouth, which was then prosperous ; there were at that time no docks at Southampton. The speed of vessel that the Company contracted for was only 8 knots. It is now 13, and that is sometimes exceeded. In my first article I pointed out that the lost *Oregon* only required 55 tons of coal at 10 knots, while at 17 or 18 (if, indeed, anything could have driven her at that speed) she would have required over 200. This is the reason that ocean steamers on long passages cannot run at the highest rate of speed. A twenty days' passage would require 4000 tons of coal. Manifestly there would be no room on board for cargo. Once the Pacific Steam Navigation tried a

speed over 16 knots, and gave it up on account of its disastrous effect on the half-yearly balance-sheet. The tonnage of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company is now 80,000 tons; they own vessels like the *Atrato*, of 5140 tons, 6773 horse-power (indicated); the *Orinoco*, of 4434 tons; the *Thames*, of 5645 tons; the *Magdalena*, 5140. The two last are on the Brazil and River Plate line, the others on the West Indian service. The two are practically distinct. In all, their fleet numbers 25.

For a number of years this line has been lucky as far as accidents are concerned. Yet those whose shipping memories run back as far as 1852 will remember the burning of the *Amazon* with great loss of life in the Bay of Biscay. Their list of disasters includes the *Guadiana*, *Paramatta*, *Dart* (lost on her first voyage), and the *Humber*. The *Rhine* and *Wye* and another vessel were all lost together in an awful West Indian hurricane nearly a quarter of a century ago. If, however, they have been fortunate of late in having no serious casualties, which do a line more harm than can be easily reckoned, they have met with a reverse of a different kind, for an American line of steamers sailing from New York to Colon has cut into their West Indian and trans-Isthmian trade. From Colon to Southampton takes by the R. M. P. Co., nineteen days. Now if a passenger takes the U. S. Pacific Mail boat to New York, and catches a fast Cunarder or White Star steamer, he can get to Liverpool in fifteen days. The result of this is that many going and coming to or from Callao, Peru, travel viâ New York, saving in this way at least four days.

Nevertheless, in spite of new and foreign competitors cutting into their business, they have by far the largest portion of trade in Central America and all the West Indian ports. They trade with Venezuela, at the port of La Guayra, perhaps, owing to Charles Kingsley and 'Westward Ho!' the best known to Englishmen of all ports in these seas save Kingston, which Michael Scott rendered equally familiar. Lamport and Holt's of Liverpool do not usually trade to these latitudes, though they run boats between Rio, New Orleans and New York, which last two ports are never visited by Royal Mail Packets.

The New York Company have completely cut the Royal Mail out of the Havana trade. They no longer run steamers there. On the east coast, to Brazil and the Argentine, the Norddeutscher Lloyd Company is also helping itself to some of the trade formerly shared by the two great English lines. To some extent this is due

to many of the English boats going to three or four Portuguese ports, Vigo, Carril, Lisbon and Cadiz. The German Company is often chosen by those who do not care to be detained, even for a little while, if another vessel is going direct. From the public point of view such competition is not unwholesome, for a single line of old-established steamers becomes gradually as slow, uncertain and uncomfortable as some of the Railway lines in the south-east of England.

As I said above, very many of the passengers using these lines are Portuguese. There is always a certain amount of emigration going on from the Peninsula to the Brazils, while the stream of Italians to the Argentine has only recently been checked by the serious financial condition of the great country south of the Plate. The passengers on the homeward trip from Rio Janeiro usually include a large number of consumptive patients, known among the Royal Mail staff as "canary birds," on account of their extreme liability to die at sea. This fatal disease seems to be due to a great extent to the vile sanitary conditions under which a vast proportion of the poorer Brazilians live. These immigrants belong to some kind of society which is responsible for keeping them in time of sickness, and burying them if the malady is not cured. They find it pays better to expend £8 at once and send these patients home, than to keep them in Brazil until they die. There are many other diseases very rife in Rio Janeiro. From the medical point of view it is not a desirable locality for any but very quiet and well-conducted people to live in.

Naturally enough, seeing that the two continents of South America and Europe are in different hemispheres, the passenger traffic is dependent to a great extent on seasons. Homeward vessels in May and June are always full. Those outward bound at that time have more vacant accommodation. As the autumn comes on the cases are reversed, the northward steaming packets are then not crowded, while those who come north to avoid the cold winds from the Pampa again return home. While the seasons have thus a perennial effect on the passenger trade it is of course much influenced by less regular or more obscure causes. The financial trouble in the Argentine Republic, culminating in the revolution which succeeded although it was suppressed, not only made Celman retire with his ill-gotten gains, but checked immigration almost entirely. It did more, it drove thousands out of the country; it made labourers leave it to return to Italy; it caused retrenchment in hundreds of homes.



What made Baring Brothers totter to their fall actually gave the River Plate steamers the job of taking fine carriage-horses from Buenos Ayres to Rio Janeiro, where things were not so bad, and where better sales could be made. While matters remain as they are in the Argentine, while there is no real security, political or financial, while the Government do not know their own mind, and there is a conflict between them and those who "engineer" the financial concerns of the country, there is little likelihood of permanent improvement.

Yet all these countries are so rich in natural endowment that they must one day be prosperous in a less feverish way than they have been. In the Amazon basin, which is being gradually opened up, there is sufficient wealth for a dozen European kingdoms; while there is already in existence the Amazon Steam Navigation Company, with a fleet of twenty-five steamers. The Company commence their service at Para, and three times a month run to Manaos, the principal city on the Amazon, 927 nautical miles from Para. Manaos is a prosperous town, and will one day be a great trade centre. From this place steamers run at intervals to Iquitos, which is a miserable enough place, but to which sugar and caoutchouc are brought to be shipped east. It gives one a good idea of the size of the Amazon to note that steamers of a thousand tons can reach Nauta, which is only about 500 miles in a straight line from the west coast of Ecuador. On the Pastaza vessels of 300 tons get to within 150 miles of Quito, Ecuador's lofty capital. The trade on the Amazon is capable of any amount of development, for it is to be remembered that it not only serves all Brazil, but the Amazonian provinces of Peru and Bolivia, which have been explored no further than to show that they possess the greatest vegetable and mineral wealth.

At present all the West Coast, Peruvian, Chilian, Bolivian, and Columbian cargo and passenger trade is done by ocean steamers. The Pacific Steam Navigation Company are practically dominant as far as passengers go, though the great cargo line, Lamport and Holt's, with their seventy steamers (of which some are chartered) take a large quantity of cargo at all ports in South America from Guayaquil in the north-west down to Mexillones, Iquique, Coquimbo, and on the East Coast northwards to Pernambuco. Any South American port of importance always has one of Lamport and Holt's steamers in it at the very least. But they take the rougher stuff, such as saltpetre, from Iquique,

and copper from Coquimbo, leaving the passenger trade to the Pacific Steam and the Chilian line "*Compania Sud Americana*."

This latter line once competed fiercely with the English company, but now they work more harmoniously together, having perhaps made some such agreement as goes by the name of "pooling profits" in Western American railroad rivalries. If a passenger misses the boat of one company, he can go on by that of the other,—to such amiable arrangements have they come. Practically then the Pacific Steam Navigation Company have no rivals on the west coast. So far as we may judge, their only trouble has been running ahead of the trade. Matters in all these South American republics are very shaky; in the land of pronunciamientos it is difficult to predict anything, and if bad trade does not always lead to revolt, prosperity causes some to wax fat and kick.

Like most of the big steamship lines, the Pacific Steam began in a very small way. The Company was incorporated in 1840, just at the time that transatlantic steam-navigation was an assured success.

In a way the history of this Company is an epitome of the mercantile progress of the South American Republics on the Pacific slope of the Andes. In 1840 these little fighting states began to think it possible that peace was more profitable than war; some far-sighted individuals even hoped for a time when it would become normal. It is necessary to grasp thoroughly the turbulent political condition of these States to comprehend how much intelligence and how much tact were needed to bring about the development of trade which exists to-day. Some few years before 1840 an attempt had been made to do steamship business on that coast. A Company formed at Panama sent out a packet called the *Sucre*, under the command of an experienced Italian. Running down the coast, he experienced so many difficulties—particularly in connection with the supply of fuel—that, in a fit of rage and desperation, while his vessel was lying helpless at Huacho, he set fire to the powder-magazine and blew her to pieces. He and several passengers perished in the explosion.

Although this was not encouraging, it did not prevent the starting of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, which was due to an American, William Wheelright, who at the time was Consul of the United States at Panama. From his position he naturally was aware of the needs and possibilities of the neighbouring countries. He obtained from the Chilian,

Peruvian, and Bolivian Governments the privilege of steam-navigation on their coasts for a period of ten years, and, coming to England, convinced the British authorities of his own trustworthiness and of the feasibility of the scheme. A company was organized, and, to begin with, two small boats were built of 700 tons register, with engines of about 150 H.P. When they arrived at Valparaiso they were received with great rejoicing and with salvos of artillery, while the then President of the Republic, Field-Marshal J. Augustin Gamarro, and his ministers were the first to welcome them. This was practically the beginning of the trade between England and South America, which now includes such items as 30,000 tons of sugar a year from Peru alone.

In the earlier days of this Company there were the same difficulties to overcome which had reduced the captain of *El Sucre* to a state of suicidal mania. The want of fuel was the chief. Even now all the coal used by steamers on the west coast comes from England in sailing-vessels. At the pit mouth in Wales it costs about 8s. at Cardiff say 12s.; the freight outward is, I think, about 35s. per ton. Thus the steam coal costs at the least, £2 7s. a ton. In this estimate I believe I am very moderate. Besides the lack of fuel there were many other troubles. Much of this coast is practically rainless. At Iquique, the saltpetre port, there is neither wood, water, nor vegetation. At Antofagasta rain rarely falls, the town is a foot deep in dust. Many coast-towns bring all their provisions from the interior and distil water from the sea. Thus for five years the steamers were worked at a loss; yet with perseverance better fortune came, and in 1852 a bi-monthly service between Valparaiso and Panama was begun. From that time on trade in the Pacific rapidly developed, and the success of the Company was practically assured. Adding one thing to another, in 1865 they established lines between the West Coast of South America, the River Plate, and the Falkland Islands.

In addition to their ordinary ocean-going steamers, they gradually added a number of coasting-steamers, which picked up freight and passengers at the less important places. As trade developed it was impossible for the greater vessels to do this work. The intermediate coasting service had a great effect upon the coast in renewing the life of little ports which were then almost moribund, besides calling into existence many others.

It is curious to remark that this Company, which was then

trading in a far-off out-of-the-way region, was the first to use the compound engine for ocean-going steamers. And they were almost singular in this respect for a number of years after 1856, in which year they adopted the double cylinder engine.

It was not till 1867 that the regular service to Chili by way of the Straits of Magellan was instituted. It was thought, and as a matter of fact it was an extremely hazardous route, and to some extent it still is a little dangerous, but it is no more so than the English Channel, which is perhaps as perilous a place in many ways as there is in the world. But Magellan's had a bad character. After its discovery it was used for some time by sailing-vessels because it was not known that by going further south there was a way round the Horn, and in these narrow tempestuous waters vessels which depended on the wind were very often wrecked. After the discovery of the open sea south of Cape Horn and the Diego Ramirez Islands it fell into disuse ; but steam made it once more possible.

The distance saved by going through the Strait is nearly 1000 miles, for the eastern entrance between Cape de las Virgines and Cape Espiritu Santo is in  $52^{\circ} 30'$  South, and the Horn in  $55^{\circ} 15'$  S. This in a voyage of 11,000 miles from Liverpool to Callao is a very considerable saving in time, wages, fuel, and general expenditure. The Straits are very wild and picturesque in character. In the eastern part they are wide, in some places 30 miles across between Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego. The trees come down to the water's edge as they do in Puget Sound and in British Columbia. The channel runs for about 150 miles W.S.W. but then suddenly trends N.W. while it rapidly narrows, until in some places it is no more than a mile and a half across. Less than half way through there is a Chilean convict station at Port Famine. In the narrow half of the channel the scenery changes and becomes very mountainous, with sharp serrated peaks, or rounded granite knobs. It is almost always blowing heavily from the west. From the mountains, 4000 feet high, comes sharp squalls or whirlwinds, sometimes called *Woollierwaws*. There are several channels into the Pacific: the Cockburn, Barbara, Gabriel, and Main. Finally the whole western coast is broken into small islands. The navigation is now well known. Although the *Cotopaxi* belonging to the Pacific Steam was lost here, of late there have been very few casualties in these waters, which, as a rule, are "steep to," that is very deep close up to the shore, as they are

in fiords and on the North American coast, to which I referred above. In many parts there are soundings of 250 fathoms.

No one nowadays has the bad times in the Straits that the discoverer had. Before he emerged into the Pacific—to which, by the way he gave its name—many of his crew died of scurvy, while the others were feeding on the dry ox-hide which formed part of the rigging, on sawdust, and on rats, which sold for a sum equivalent to half-a-crown.

In 1868 the paddle-wheeler *Pacific*, of 1,630 tons and 450 H.P., was despatched from Liverpool to Valparaiso as the pioneer of the new mail line. The experiment proved a success, and, two years later it was determined to extend the voyages from Valparaiso to Callao, and to increase the number of voyages to three each month. In 1872 the Company's capital was increased to £3,000,000, to enable a weekly line from Liverpool to Callao to be established. The s.s. *Sorato*, 4038 tons, 4000 I.H.P., sailed in January, 1883, as the first vessel under the new contract with our Government for a regular weekly service to and from Callao, calling at Bordeaux, the Spanish ports, Rio Janeiro, Monte Video, and Sandy Point (Punta Arenas), in the Straits of Magellan.

Now this was all very magnificent, but, in familiar American parlance, it was a little too "previous." The Company went on building, until in 1874 they had fifty-four steamers in commission, with an aggregate tonnage of 120,000 and an aggregate H.P. (nominal) of 21,395. This "effective" would be over 80,000 H.P. The fleet was a very fine fleet, but the business was not there when it was wanted. Most people can remember the inflation of trade in the early seventies, and they can also remember how every one over-built and over-produced until there came a crumble and a crash in half the trades of England. In 1873 the Pacific Steam Navigation Company was in the height of its glory, but then the trade curve began to go down, down, down, till it reached nadir in 1879. We are only just now climbing out of the commercial abyss. All this feverish feeling doubtless had its effect on the governing spirits of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company when it overbuilt itself. For overbuild it did; the traffic with South America fell off, if not absolutely in bulk at least relatively to the increased fleet, and the old fortnightly sailings were reverted to.

For at the same time that trade began to be a little shaky came fierce opposition. The Chilian Compania Sud Americana,



to which I referred above, has a fleet of 17 steamers, some of which are 2000 tons. Then the Greenock Steamship Company, or the "Gulf" Line, runs to the same coast. Their largest vessel is the *Gulf of Mexico*, 3172 tons. These go from the United Kingdom through the Straits of Magellan and act as feeders to the local coasting-boats of the Sud Americana. They load usually at Glasgow and Birkenhead. Besides these there are five steamers of the Compagnie Maritime du Pacifique, belonging to Havre, but loading at Liverpool. They have vessels of 3000 tons. Such competition as this in face of a falling trade barometer compelled the Pacific Steam Navigation to take in sail. Several steamers were sold, as the *Corcovado*, *Lusitania*, *Chimborazo*, *Garonne*, and *Cuzco*, in order to get rid of surplus tonnage. At present they own 35 steamers as against 52 in 1874, when the weekly service was started.

Under the circumstances of such competition on the west and the rivalry of the Royal Mail's 25 boats, it must be a matter of hard work and good management that a satisfactory dividend on the large capital is still being paid. The reduced capital of the concern is £1,477,125. The fleet is valued at £1,419,453 7s. 9d. Originally these vessels cost £357,896 4s. 3d. Thus the tonnage of the Company is now written down to about £12 16s. 6d. a ton, which is undoubtedly small probably less than the vessels are worth. Yet it is always well to give a large margin of depreciation. Six per cent. per annum is the least that can be written off with safety, ten per cent. would be nearer the mark. This company, like the P. & O., does its own under-writing, always a satisfactory thing for intending passengers to note. The sum standing to the credit of the under-writing account is over £166,000, or an increase on the 1888 account of £9000, even after providing for the loss of the *Cotopaxi*. The Company, with this exception, has been singularly free from serious disasters, considering the length of voyage and the navigation of Magellan's. The following is their record of casualties as near as one may gather.

SANTIAGO, paddle-wheel, struck reef in thick weather, January, 1869.

TACORA, screw, lost on maiden voyage from Liverpool, off Monte Video, 1872.

ILLIMANI struck on reef at Mocha Island, 1879.

CORDILLERA, in a snow-storm in Magellan's, 1884.

VALPARAISO, stranded off Vigo, 1887.

COTOPAXI, struck unmarked rock in Smyth's Reach, Magellan's Strait, 1889.



The present prospects of the Company seem very good and will be better with South American development. It seems a little strange that they have not yet established a direct service between Liverpool and Colon, thus completing the circuit of South America. The passengers that they bring north to Panama are now taken by the Pacific Mail and the Royal Mail. If a fast boat ran direct to Liverpool from Colon and back without any long stay at West Indian Ports, it should get a large portion of passenger traffic now divided between these two.

When employment was found for some five of the newer steamers with the Orient Line, from London to Australia, a bold policy might have suggested this innovation. The *Orizaba*, *Oroya*, *Oruba*, and *Orotava* are still in the South-Eastern trade, but will most probably go back to their old South American business with that development of Chilian and Peruvian resources which English capital will and must bring about.

For something will be done in this direction. Even now there are some companies and corporations working up Peru, with money supplied by England. Mr. H. Guillaume, F.R.G.S., Consul-General for Peru at Southampton, told me sufficient about the country, which he represents there, to make a separate article.

The measure of the development of a new country is its means of communication ; which represents its civilization, its true position in the rank of organisms. Now Peru, with its three distinct regions—coast, inter-Andean, and Amazonian—is practically without railroads, and is dependent for transit of goods on pack-llamas. Roads will make it a united country, and though the Amazon will take part of its produce, the bulk of it will for some time to come go to Callao and the other ports for the Pacific Steam Navigation Company to handle. Fortunately, although Peru has been unhappy in its relations with Chile, it possesses a President in General Caceres who seems in no respect to resemble the Balmacedas and Celmans, whose personal greed and ambition have plunged the Argentine and Chile into internecine war. If capital be judiciously expended in Peru—not lent on cedula bonds, which represent paper farms on sterile and arid deserts—the country will be one of the most prosperous in the West. What is wanted in South, as in North, America is less politics. The countries are usually governed too much.

The Pacific Steam Navigation Company sails, as I have said, from Liverpool. The Royal Mail Packet Company makes its home in Southampton, which is a curious port in many ways. It

has some enormous natural advantages. For one thing, its docks are mostly open, they need no gates ; vessels can enter them at all states of the tide. At any rate, only the very largest when they are heavily laden need stay outside in the "Water," at dead low springs. Thus the curious natural phenomenon of double high tides within two hours of each other is not of such advantage as it would be to Liverpool or to London when we think of Greenwich Reach. These double tides are caused by the interference of the Isle of Wight with the natural Channel tides. The first high water comes in from the Needles. When the outside tide turns, the water inside begins to fall. But when the full outside ebb rushes in at the east end of the Solent, it again flows in Southampton Water.

Against these advantages are to be set its distance from the manufacturing and social centres. In this Plymouth, which set up as a rival, is even worse off. Then, since Southampton is built on the alluvium brought down by its rivers—the Test and the Itchen—there is difficulty in making foundations for the docks, as there is no true bottom to be found even at a considerable depth. Yet even if it never gets back the Peninsular and Oriental Company, which is the fond dream and highest ambition of Southampton, it will from its position in the Channel always be a great port of call. The Rotterdam'sche Lloyd Steamship Company's vessels come there regularly ; so do those of the Nederland Steamship Company. The North German Lloyd's boats sometimes come in and always call outside. The Hamburg American Company, which has very large vessels, does the same. It is a great port to pick up passengers at. But save the Royal Mail Packet Company and the Union line to South Africa no lines make it their permanent headquarters. Besides those mentioned above, Lamport and Holt's vessels, some of which, by the way, sail under the Belgian flag, come in once or twice a month on their way from Low Country ports to South America.

Southampton does something in the way of building steamships of the smaller class, but this industry is at present of no great importance. The Clyde, Barrow, and Belfast practically build all the big boats. Harland and Wolff's at the latter do an immense business which sprang from very small beginning. An unsuccessful concern has been made successful by enterprise, knowledge, and good work. Belfast has a right to be proud of a concern like that of Messrs. Harland and Wolff, in whose

yards are employed over 6000 men, while each week of the year sees a thousand tons of shipping finished. Last year's record was 48,000. A vessel of 10,000 tons usually takes many months, but if any especially quick turn out were required it could be completed in very few more weeks than the thousands in its tonnage.

Everything that is needed for the interior of a steamer is made on the premises, save large castings, which come from Manchester or Sheffield or Middlesbrough. The engines are set up in the shops in order to see that they work all right. Men employed by Lloyd's and the Board of Trade live in the works. There is practically no need for them; the very method of the firm is the best guarantee for the best work. It is impossible to see the place, to talk to any of the *employés* without feeling this. When I was there I saw two White Star boats on the stocks in an advanced stage. They are built to convey nearly 8000 tons of cargo.

It was this firm which built a boat to try Perkin's boiler and engines. This was a bold attempt to solve the difficult and at present apparently insuperable problem of making really high-pressure boilers. The pressure in the small cylinder of the highest tested triple-expansion engine of the day rarely runs over 180 pounds, but Perkin's boiler delivered steam at a pressure of 500 pounds, and if this could always be done, one important engineering problem would be solved, and boiler space could be reduced by two-thirds. But these high-pressure boilers are of very delicate digestion, and Perkin's boiler required the purest distilled water. Very little common drinking-water would destroy it entirely, and if a drop or two of oil got into the boiler it was done for. In the common double-ended marine boiler an incrustation over the furnace on the inside prevents the heat passing into the water, the plates get red-hot, the inside pressure bulges the softened metal, and technically speaking, the furnace "comes down," the fires have to be drawn, and the boiler cannot be used until it is repaired. But with Mr. Perkin's delicate boiler a film of oil produced the same effect. Therefore he invented a kind of metal for bearings which did not need oil. The machinery made unpleasant noises, but did not heat as ordinary bearings will do under similar conditions. Then for a long time, in the short passages between Belfast and Liverpool, the engine did well. It was a drawback that only one man,

who was addicted to drink, knew how to manage her, for if he wanted an extra day ashore there was no one to contradict him if he said something was wrong with the boiler or the squeaking engine. Finally it was determined to try her on longer voyages. She went to the Mediterranean. There she was one day suddenly short of water. The boiler was rapidly emptying itself; some kind of water had to be put in. Sea-water supplied the temporary dangerous deficiency, but that was the end of the boiler and of the experiment. But some day the trick will be discovered, and the firm at Belfast will not be the last to take up the invention which can safely supply steam at a very high pressure indeed.

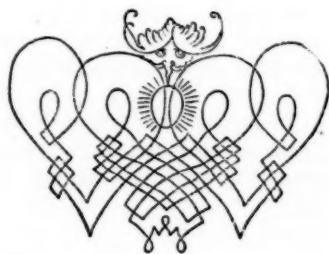
People often wonder why it is that boilers in our naval fleet are always coming to grief, but are resigning themselves to accept the fact with resignation. A naval breakdown is so common a matter that we all get used to it, think it Providence which is hard on the Admiralty, perhaps, because it does not like the fighting services. Yet in reality it is fairly easy to understand. The two great things needed in naval engines and boilers are first, that they shall be of such a shape and size as to lie low down in the hold of the vessel so that they may be well protected; secondly, that they shall generate steam quickly and at a high pressure. The boiler of the commercial marine is lofty, of the perpendicular type; that of the naval marine is horizontal. This latter approximates more to the locomotive or torpedo-boat boiler, both of which are, as at present known and used, of peculiarly delicate organization. A locomotive boiler is partially cleaned after every run. It goes to the "stables" like a horse. One is brushed down, the other most carefully brushed out. The furnaces too are different. In the naval type the fire-box is not under the boiler, that would lift it too high, it is in front of it, and the effect of the fire, as thus placed, on the metal of the boiler is more severe.

It is not for an outsider to say whether the Admiralty go in too much for experiment or not. It is at least possible they know what they are about. Yet disaster on disaster makes one enquire whether it would not be better to find a way to protect a loftier boiler than to design a low one which cannot protect itself. An unprotected commercial boiler may escape an enemy's shot, but our naval boilers seem fatally certain to destroy themselves. One thing at least in engine construction as practised in our navy seems bad, and that is that the engines

themselves have been reduced to a weight which is incompatible with safety. In some cases cranks, &c., are less by one-third than they would be in the best commercial engines. However carefully the work to be done may be calculated, a certain margin should be left for flaws. In too many cases the naval engineers seem to have taken measurements and weights which could only stand good for material which is ideally perfect. And the ideal is only to be found in the draughtsman's office. It is sufficient to know how the trial trips of our war-ships are made, to learn that those who are responsible for them have the most fear and trembling lest a breakdown should spoil the programme.

Yet on the other it should in fairness be added that war-ships *must* be in the front rank. It is the modern murderous competition of nations which forces the armed services to adopt new inventions, and if they have carried experiment to a hazardous limit, it is no more than could be expected of human beings who can scarcely verify their dangerous deductions save by the bitter logic of war. While in the mercantile marine every step is proved by trial, and nothing is considered good until it is shown it can pay by paying.

MORLEY ROBERTS.



## NOTES OF THE MONTH.

MEISSONIER—NOTES FROM PARIS—LORD CARRINGTON AT THE  
COLONIAL INSTITUTE—THE ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

### MEISSONIER.

THE name of Meissonier had a place in the annals of French art even before it was rendered immortal by the painter of "1814." A certain Juste Aurele Meissonier flourished during the 18th century, and had the honour of perpetuating the countenances of several of the dainty gallants who graced Louis XVth's court. Some of the portraits done by him can be found, by those who care to look, hung in the garret galleries of the Château of Versailles.

Whether Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier owed any of his talent to this possible ancestor, certain it is that from earliest boyhood the provincial druggist's son showed an extraordinary predisposition for Art and all that concerned Art. Born at Lyons on the 21st February, 1815, the First Empire, to the end of his long life, was to him the greatest and most glorious page of French history and the most worthy of illustration. He was little more than a boy when, overcoming the worthy druggist's scruples—among the French bourgeoisie till quite lately artists and comedians ranked together as being disreputable Bohemians—he entered Leon Cogniet's studio, and most seriously set himself to work. Among his then fellow students were Daubigny, Daumier, Dechaume and Trimolet, and it was by the latter's advice that he set himself specially to study the methods of Dutch painters in the Louvre.

When in a genial mood, Meissonier would sometimes refer to the days when his only regular income was fifteen francs a month (about fivepence a day) allowed him by his father, supplemented, 'tis true, by occasional drawings ordered by some charitable editor or publisher. Among the various volumes partly illustrated by him may be mentioned Royaumont's Bible, Lamartine's "Chute d'un Ange," and Bernadin de Saint Pierre's "Paul et Virginie." Indeed orders for work of this kind soon came in so quickly to the young artist, that it is a marvel Meissonier ever found time to paint a picture. Even as late as 1845 he



was commissioned by the great publishing house of Hetzel et Cie. to illustrate Stahl's quaint fairy tale, "*L'Histoire d'une Poupée et d'un Soldat de Plomb.*" And many years later, more as a labour of love than anything else, the great painter illustrated a certain number of Balzac's works.

Although necessarily working in the midst of both Romancists and Classicists, Meissonier took neither side in their famous bickerings, and remained, as far as he could do so, ignorant both of the men—Delacroix, Ary Scheffer, Dupré, Boulanger, etc.—and of their work. His first work exhibited, or rather accepted, at the Salon was entitled, "*Une visite chez le Bourgomestre,*" and was noticed by the critics of 1834 as being more Flemish in feeling than other attempts made to reconstitute the period. This picture, after passing through several hands, was finally bought by the late Sir Richard Wallace, who had one of the finest collections of Meissonier's earlier paintings extant.

Meissonier had a passion for series—for sets—which rarely distinguishes the artistic temperament. Change was abhorrent to him, and he would never have concurred with the characteristic French proverb, "*le mieux est l'ennemi du bien.*" On the contrary, he was ever striving to better what others told him was his best. Among his series illustrative of 16th and 17th century manners and customs, may be mentioned, "*Les joueurs d'échecs,*" "*Les Joueurs,*" etc.

In 1855 "*La Rixe*" proved to those, who had openly declared that microscopic imitations of certain Dutch masters and careful reconstitution of the past constituted the limited extent of Meissonier's talent, their mistaken appreciation of the artist's power. The fiery embodiment of "*A Quarrel,*" was the somewhat inappropriate gift presented to the Prince Consort by Napoleon III. as a souvenir of his and Queen Victoria's visit to Paris. It is but fair to add that Prince Albert had especially remarked the painting when going through the Salon, and had expressed a strong interest in the artist. The Emperor gave Meissonier twenty thousand francs, then considered a fancy price for so small a canvas, and "*La Rixe*" now hangs in the dining-room of Osborne House.

Notwithstanding the impression made by the vigorous power of this painting, and that of "*Un Souvenir de la Guerre Civile,*" a reminiscence of the barricades of '48, his contemporaries persisted in thinking that Meissonier's true vocation lay in *genre* pictures of a dead and gone, but picturesque age, the old *régime*. It was not till 1860 that "Napoleon III. à Solferino" gave the critics a taste of the quality destined afterwards to make him France's greatest and most typical military painter.

On the declaration of the Italian War the artist, suddenly wearied of his quiet sedentary life, asked leave to accompany the Emperor as painter to the Army. "*Solferino*" started the series of Meissonier's military pictures, for 1864 saw exhibited "*Campagne de France,*" better known under the title of "1814," and which was the first painting directly

illustrating the Napoleonic cycle. Then followed "Le General Desaix à l'Armée du Rhin," one of the marvels of the Great Exhibition of 1867. "Une charge de cavallerie," 1869; "Les Cuirassiers," now styled "1805"; "Friedland" or "1807," afterwards bought by Mr. Stewart the American millionaire for £12,000; and last not least the splendid little canvas exhibited last spring in the Champs de Mars, "Octobre 1806."

Meissonier at every period of his career was, artistically speaking, a misogynist, and the pictures in which he deliberately introduced a feminine figure could be counted on the fingers of one hand. A village Phyllis serving beer to thirsty travellers was, it is true, one of his first exhibits, and "Le baiser d'Adieu" depicts prettily the parting of two fond lovers; but even when painting a lady's portrait he could not resist seeing his sitter *en laide*, a peculiarity Madame Meissonier and her charming daughter bore with equanimity, but which induced Mrs. Mackay to cut up a work of art, for which her husband had just paid £4000, into strips, thereby unwittingly causing great satisfaction to the great artist's enemies—and he had many.

Of Meissonier the man, it is difficult to speak, so entirely did he live in, for, and with his art. His country and Paris *ateliers* were almost facsimiles of one another, and sternly innocent of the usual studio "properties." The value of the various studies and finished works, which he always refused to sell, contained in his Paris house alone is said to have been 3,000,000 francs.

Legends of *le maître's* extraordinary application and conscientious effort in perfecting his work have long been current. Certain it is that he constantly destroyed, effaced, and recommenced the most trivial details on the canvas on which he happened to be working, rather than perpetuate anything unworthy of his palette.

The French artist of to-day, full of the old Spanish and Italian traditions, longs to found a school. The young painters admitted to his studio become dearer to him than his own sons, and he forgets his past triumphs in congratulating himself on their successes. They on their side remember, and pay due reverence to him whose chief claim to fame will perchance be that of having had them as his pupils, for it is no uncommon thing to see in the *Salon* catalogue the name of some great master of his craft, followed by the significant phrase "élève d'un tel." Poor "un tel" forgotten long ago had it not been that his humble studio was once honoured by the presence of budding genius.

Meissonier, singularly out of sympathy with the rest of his fellows in that as in everything else, allowed none of those who crowded round him to call him *Maître*, and to the end boasted of but one pupil,—but what a pupil! Edouard Detaille, the kindly, brilliant soldier painter, whose studies of military life make a fitting pendant to the "Chants du Soldat" of Paul Déroulède.

Meissonier never had reason to repent of the exception he had made,

The affection and loyalty of the pupil for the master became legendary, and a certain witty *bas bleu* is reported to have exclaimed: "Had I still a marriageable daughter, with what joy would I give her to Detaille! the man must be an angel! he has never quarrelled with Meissonier!"

Their meeting came about somewhat in this wise. Detaille, then seventeen and artist-mad, knocks boldly at the great painter's door and demands an introduction to Cabanel. Meissonier, marvelling somewhat at the audacity of the boy, grimly informs him that, as is *du reste* usual where his colleagues are concerned, he is not on speaking terms with the gentleman, but consents to see the youthful aspirant's sketches, and finally invites him to his country cottage at Poissy.

Eighteen months later, Detaille exhibited in the *Salon* of '67 a small picture which attracted a certain amount of interest; its subject was "Intérieur de l'Atelier de Meissonier," and the following year Edmund About wrote in the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*,' "Je vois peindre un jeune élève de Meissonier, qui pourrait bien passer maître, un jour ou l'autre. Il se nomme Detaille; il a exposé une halte de tambours, un vrai bijou."

When the Franco-Prussian War broke out, Meissonier became Colonel de la Garde Nationale, and had, oddly enough, J. L. Brown and Manet the impressionists under his orders. Detaille joined the *Mobilles de la Seine*, and realised Charlet's vivid dictum, "le vrai peintre militaire doit tout croquer sous le feu" (the military painter should study under fire).

Of what led to the violent Meissonier-Julian-Bouguereau quarrel last year volumes might be written. Meissonier's friends believe that the excitement and difficulties consequent on the founding of the second *Salon* contributed greatly to his death, yet never, according to the testimony of those round him, had he seemed so truly in charity both with himself and those round him as last spring. Every detail connected with the Champs de Mars Gallery was settled by him, and the most faithful, constant habitué of *le Salon Meissonier* was the little grand homme himself, taken by the gay Parisian boulevardiers surging round him for some provincial bourgeois, so little did he appear what he was, and so unknown was the personality of their greatest painter to *Tout Paris*; for of the complete exhibition of his collected works held in '86 he left his son, Charles Meissonier, himself an artist of no small merit, to do the honours. The artists associated with him in the *Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts*—Carolus Duran, Cazin, Dagnan-Bouveret, Duez-Gervex, Roll, etc.—marvelled at finding their formidable President so affable and considerate.

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#### NOTES FROM PARIS.

The death of the painter Chaplin, following so closely upon the death of Octave Feuillet, has caused many parallels to be drawn between the artist and the novelist in their respective lines, characterised in both

cases by the sort of refinement particularly appreciated in aristocratic circles. Chaplin was the painter of high life, as Octave Feuillet was its novelist; the roseate, dreamy charm of the former, and the graceful elegance of the latter, being equally well-suited to the style of the Second Empire, when fashionable beauties strove to resemble fairies and nymphs, rather than ladies of high degree.

All Chaplin's feminine portraits are delicately lovely, and the sitters must often have felt the pleasant surprise of the internal inquiry: "Am I really so pretty as that?"

We cannot, however, think that the comparison with Octave Feuillet is to the advantage of the latter; for the pen of the novelist showed in many instances a degree of vigour which the pencil of the artist never reached. Chaplin's picture are dreams of beauty fixed on the canvas; but he could never have painted the equivalent of Octave Feuillet's 'Monsieur de Camors.' His range was confined to wonderfully pretty women, with marvellous complexions, emerging from clouds of filmy drapery, or mythological studies of "foam of the sea" goddesses and rosy Cupids for the decoration of palaces.

His painting will have in the future a peculiar value of its own, apart from its real artistic merits; it bears the stamp of the period, and recalls the Second Empire, as the works of Boucher and Watteau revive the eighteenth century, and the reign of Louis XV.

Chaplin was of English parentage, but he was born in France, had always lived there, and was naturalized a Frenchman. His early life was one of hard struggle; he had known penury and even want. To his credit, be it said, that he was unspoiled by prosperity, and that he was singularly free from conceit and presumption. He never forgot his early difficulties, and often reverted to them with the greatest simplicity, and always showed great kindness and generosity to others requiring his aid.

He had warm friends, and his death, at the age of sixty-five, is deeply lamented.

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The terrible winter of this year, the numerous deaths in all classes, and the misery suffered by the destitute, are the universal subjects of conversation, and the most worldly among Parisians have come forward generously to assist those in need. The appeal of the Press Committee met with a quick response, and in twelve days the subscriptions received amounted to 500,000 francs (£20,000).

Refuges were opened even in the Exhibition buildings, and the splendid galleries of the "Palais des Arts Libéraux," which during the great Exhibition were filled with the wonders of the world, now shelter 2500 homeless outcasts, who are fed and warmed and given beds, which, although only of straw, must seem soft as down to the poor creatures who, in this excessive cold, had slept under the arches of the bridges, or on the banks of the Seine below the quays.

The great butcher Duval has given 30,000 rations of soup, and the large shops have vied with each other in sending clothes and coverings, so that extreme destitution finds efficacious relief without the endless "red tape" formalities of the official "Bureau de Bienfaisance," which, though not wholly unnecessary, are yet regarded as a great grievance by the applicants. It would not do probably to enquire too closely into the past history of the greater number of those who are now sheltered and fed at the present time of exceptional difficulty. They are mostly vagrants of the most hopeless kind; it is sad to note that more than a third of those admitted are children of from eight to thirteen years of age, absolutely forsaken; street arabs getting their living, such as it is, by doing odd jobs or begging.

Four other refuges have been opened by the Government, besides those already established by private philanthropy or Catholic charity.

Among the latter is one deserving especial notice, because it is a permanent institution, and not limited to the present time of exceptional distress—that of the "Hospitalité du Travail," \* kept by the "Sœurs du Calvaire," which is open only to women and children. All who apply are admitted without any questions, irrespective of creed or nationality, so long as it is possible to find a corner for shelter.

The sisters sleep anywhere, even in the passages, so as to find room for applicants, and yet the Superior told us that she had the sorrow of turning away, perforce, as many as twenty-seven in a single day! Those who can be admitted are kept for three months, and are employed according to what they can do; the greater number, however, are not competent for any better work than washing, or carding wool for mattresses. And yet, according to the testimony of the Superior, the deserving are in a proportion of *two-thirds* to the whole of those assisted. Women of various classes apply—even teachers and governesses. Strange to say, the really bad characters will not remain in the house, however destitute they may be, and within a few hours they ask to go.

This most useful institution is struggling against many difficulties, and fully deserves to be better known.

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Some philanthropists have proposed to revive a form of charity greatly in favour at other times of public distress—that of redeeming the small articles pawned for a sum under twenty francs at the "Mont de Piété," the Government pawnbroking establishment. Past experience has, however, proved that the practical benefit of such assistance is very questionable. Numbers sell their tickets, so that those who would profit by the gift would not be the original owners in most cases, and even supposing the tickets to have been retained, in the case of the very

\* 52 Avenue de Versailles.



poor the articles have to be taken back to the Mont-de-Piété the very next day. But it is asserted that the really indigent do not go to the "Mont-de-Piété," for they have nothing to pawn; but, rather, people either in temporary difficulties, or those having reason to hope for better days. Many pawn what they can, to meet the terrible day of "Le terme," the quarter's rent, which *must* be paid, and then redeem the articles by their own savings. Many tradesmen, seeing a good opening in return for a sacrifice of money, go to the "Mont-de-Piété" to get necessary funds instead of borrowing elsewhere. Many owners of land, and farmers also, have recourse to such means to pay for improvements.

In the month of August the applications are numerous on the part of people wishing to get the means of going to the sea-side, or to watering-places, and who pawn jewellery for that purpose, which they redeem in December.

The "Mont-de-Piété" was besieged during the Exhibition of 1889 by Parisians desirous of increasing their stock-in-trade, or preparing to receive visitors.

The prohibition of Victorien Sardou's play of "Thermidor" has caused an immense sensation in society, the cause of which lies far deeper than the mere privation of seeing an interesting theatrical performance. Here is a clever play, on which immense sums have been spent, the work of a popular writer, brought out at the "Comédie Française," with the very best performers of that unequalled company. A play approved by the committee appointed to examine dramatic works, approved by the Minister holding the privilege of the English Lord Chamberlain, highly applauded and enjoyed by the *élite* of French society, and it is to be suppressed because a few Radicals choose to be displeased at the horror expressed for Robespierre and the guillotine!

Either the Government sympathizes with the monstrous deeds of that time; or it is strangely afraid of displeasing the modern Terrorists, to whom we owe the Commune.

And those who were resigned to accept a peaceful and respectable Republic look anxiously towards the future, wondering what it may bring forth, with such elements of discord on the one side, and such strange complacency on the other.

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#### LORD CARRINGTON AT THE COLONIAL INSTITUTE.

The recent gathering of the Fellows of the Colonial Institute at Prince's Hall to listen to an address on Australia from Lord Carrington, the late Governor of New South Wales, was one of especial interest. By a happy inspiration of the distinguished President (so it appeared) the date itself marked the 103rd anniversary of the settlement of



the Colony. But apart from the *éclat* afforded by the presence of the Prince of Wales, and the personal compliment of so brilliant an assemblage, both the matter and the manner of Lord Carrington's remarks were excellent. It was not merely that he brought "a good report" of the distant community over which he had for five years presided; but there was a racy good-humour in his sentences, which seemed to reflect something of a life made genial by a kindlier sun and fuller draughts of "God's glorious oxygen."

In the first place Lord Carrington was struck by the *expansiveness* of Australia, in general, and of New South Wales, in particular. The average family of that Colony numbers more than four children; its trade, during the short period of his rule, increased from £40,000,000 to £46,000,000; its output of minerals in the last ten years had more than doubled in amount; and finally its flocks and herds were so fertile, that in 1890 it pastured 50,000,000 sheep—or half the sheep of Australasia!

Although the five years spent in the midst of this community were described as "five happy years," the speaker insisted no less upon the responsibilities than the pleasures of his office. One personal experience he related, illustrating the irritation which may arise from the deficiencies of the present connection between the Colonies and Mother-country,—how he returned from a pleasure cruise to find, through a mere Colonial Office mischance, the "city of Sydney in a very considerable state of excitement"; and how the "Chinese Restriction Bill was passed in a single night through all its stages, and sent up to the Legislative Council." The temper of the Colony at this special crisis may be gauged from the famous declaration of Sir Henry Parkes, made in his speech in support of the Bill, and undoubtedly expressive of the feeling of all Australia at the time: "Neither for Her Majesty's ships of war, nor for Her Majesty's representative on the spot, nor for the Secretary of State do we intend to turn back from our purpose, which is to terminate the landing of the Chinese here for ever!" All this irritation because the Colonial Government were denied the "courtesy of a reply" to a telegraphic message which could not be answered, because the despatches upon which the answer depended took six weeks to get to England!

After such a narrative, Lord Carrington's criticism of Imperial Federation fell harmlessly enough. Indeed, the peculiar aspiration "to defy the Separatists and the Imperialists alike," is only an extreme instance of the speaker's capacity to identify himself with the community over which he presided. In other respects this capacity, which Lady Carrington shared with her lord, was an unmixed gain. For, in a country where the sun is too bright to tolerate dulness, to possess a genial disposition is to be *of* it and not merely *in* it. But not only did Lord Carrington successfully identify himself with the pursuits and interests of the people at large, but he carried away pleasant recollections

of particular persons. To Sir Henry Parkes he paid a lofty tribute: "He can speak like a statesman, and work like a slave." Of Dalby he spoke as of one worthy to be commemorated in the crypt of St. Paul's by the side of Nelson and of Wellington. Of one side of his character—his literary skill—he did not speak: but in respect of this the Australian statesman is furnished with a monument, *are perennius*, in the words of the Australian poet Kendall:

"He, having lived so long with lords of thought,  
The grand hierophants of speech and song,  
Hath from the high, august communion caught  
Some portion of their inspiration strong."

There were practical suggestions, too, for producing a genuine community of feeling throughout the Empire. Are we not making too much of a *foreign* order of the Order of St. Michael and St. George? Why should not the Chief Justices of the Colonies be made life members of the House of Lords and admitted to the Privy Council? Why again are members of the Upper Houses compelled to relinquish the title of "Honourable" everywhere except in their own Colony? Cannot the professions in the Colonies and England be amalgamated? All these are questions which Lord Carrington asked, and they are worthy of consideration: at any rate they show us how "Australia, as Lord Carrington saw it," is far removed from "the days of the shackle and gyve," commemorated by Marcus Clarke, or of the Bushranging Experiences of Rolf Boldrewood's charming tales.

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#### THE ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—"IVANHOE."

The most general, if not the greatest musical excitement for the last twenty years, has undoubtedly been the production of "Ivanhoe" at the new theatre in Cambridge Circus. It was no ordinary "first night" event which thronged the streets outside the theatre with a patient, expectant, and enthusiastic crowd. The real reason was that English Opera of a high order has been for years a thing desired by the general public. The failure of the Lyceum and of the St. James's as English Lyric stages in bygone days, by no means damped the ardent national desire to possess one; it is in itself a testimony to national character, that, what failed under Arnold, Braham, and Kean should be undertaken again to-day with indomitable pluck by Mr. D'Oyley Carte, proving, we believe, that the national desire for English Opera must have a successful issue sooner or later. Even the drama chosen for this remarkable undertaking has been essayed before. Sir Walter Scott speaks in his journal of hearing an operatic version of "Ivanhoe" in Paris, probably the same which was given at Covent

Garden in 1829, under the title of "The Maid of Judah"; other versions of the famous novel have likewise appeared upon the operatic stage. But past reminiscences must not be allowed to interfere with the present, though they require to be recalled in order to show that the importance of the opera in question is itself, after all, of secondary importance to the event it forms in the annals of English lyric drama.

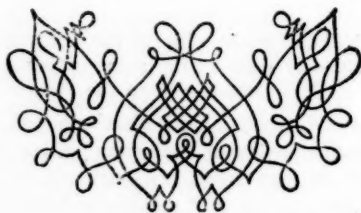
The consideration of the music and libretto of "Ivanhoe" must necessarily here be confined to a very inadequate space in which to do either justice. It would be useless to deny that there has been very general disappointment felt regarding very much of Sir Arthur Sullivan's music. The work as a whole has not been a revelation in any way, and shows rather the composer's limitations than his strength. This applies to most of the choral music, where echoes of the Savoy intrude themselves too strikingly for serious opera. The "Good night" music and the Templars' Hymn seemed to be the most approved numbers by the public. Also we have known some time from other sources, how thoroughly well Sir Arthur can do imitations of Old English airs, such as the Friar's "Ho jolly Jenkin" and King Richard's "Oh, I would be an outlaw bold," but neither of these are much above the level of those operas with which he annually charms us in another theatre, where they are more appropriate. But at the same time there is fine dramatic music in "Ivanhoe," so fine that it is difficult to imagine why the general level is not higher. The whole of the last scene in Act II., where Rebecca in the turret chamber at Torquilstone repulses the Templar's love, is as fine and *musically* dramatic a scene as could possibly be placed upon the stage. The prayer of the Jewish maiden ("Lord of our chosen race") who sees before her only death, which she chooses rather than dishonour, is worthy to rank with the foremost of operatic creations; the entire scene contains dramatic music of the very highest order. The tremendous duet following Rebecca's prayer, seemed to reveal musically the whole strength of two marvellously strong natures; the sensuous determination of the Templar striving for mastery over the girl's still stronger faith and love. These feelings Sullivan has put into every note of his music. When, at the bugle call, Brian de Bois Guilbert rushes away, and Rebecca falls on her knees with the words

"And if thou camest with all the lords of Hell  
I would defy them in the name of Him  
Who set His bounds e'en to the eternal sea,"

the curtain descended to genuine enthusiasm and prolonged cheers. This act contains the jewels of the opera; there are other charming numbers, but they are not great, nor particularly fresh in treatment. The work has been called a "melodious opera," and it certainly contains no Wagner elements, but neither can we feel that melody is very strongly represented in it. It is impossible not to regret the fresh melodious instinct connected with Sullivan's "Loves of the Wrens," and

many a Shakespearian setting. How truly does Ruskin put the old adage, "Work while you have light, *specially while you have the light of morning.*" The orchestration is throughout very fine, and received under the composer's *bâton* the most ample justice from the band. The principal artists in the cast acquitted themselves quite excellently from a musical point of view, but only one of them can, at present, lay any claim to an actor's powers; we were surprised to see that an opera, produced under Sullivan's direction, should retain so much obsolete conventionalism in what acting there was. M. Oudin was the notable exception in question, and it must be added that Miss Macintyre's singing made everything forgotten except the beauty of her voice, and the dramatic instincts of her performance. Compared with the criticism of the music comparatively little has been said regarding the libretto of Mr. Julian Sturgis. At the same time we believe it shows in several ways greater advance regarding English operatic drama, than the whole of the music put together. It proves, as an essential point, that, in the first place, well-written English is necessary to a proper hearing of any opera in our own language. For years the opera-goer has said, "No good to attempt so and so in English, it does not suit the language!" Our language, all the same, is good enough for the world's finest poetry, and it should certainly suffice for the best opera ever written; but to obtain this result it is necessary that *libretti* should be written by poetic literary artists, not mere dictionary translators. In Mr. Sturgis such an artist has been found, though of course, by being the original librettist, he has had a freedom which may be denied the translator. His book is throughout admirable and powerful. He has shown what is required for opera in English, and how well it can be carried out as regards libretto, more powerfully by far than Sullivan has shown it as regards music.

A serious "Savoy," night after night, is not what is wanted here. It is a national opera of the world's great masterpieces, English included, written in competent English, in our national tongue.



## OUR LIBRARY LIST.

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**A PLEA FOR LIBERTY: AN ARGUMENT AGAINST SOCIALISM AND SOCIALISTIC LEGISLATION.** Consisting of an Introduction by HERBERT SPENCER, and Essays by various writers. Edited by THOMAS MACKAY, Author of 'The English Poor.' (Second Edition. *Murray*.) To take charge of every man's business, or to induce the State to do so, would appear in these days to be the most cherished object of a whole class of politicians and philanthropists. Their policy is included under the vague and Protean term of Socialism, and its ultimate power for good or evil no man can forecast. The writers of this volume regarding this policy as deeply injurious not only to the welfare of the nation at large, but especially to the manliness, the enterprise, and the individual character of our working population, have issued this powerful and opportune protest against the demoralizing influence of Socialistic legislation. Mr. Herbert Spencer, in his Introduction—perhaps the most telling and popular Essay he has ever penned—points out to the workman that in shaking off the so-called tyranny of the capitalist employer for the real tyranny of a federated class, he is forging for himself fetters, compared to which his present condition is one of freedom and ease. Of the Essays themselves, as will be seen from the titles, some deal mainly with principles, some with facts. We have not space here even to enumerate them, but we would especially bestow a word of praise on Mr. Fairfield's account of the state of things which Socialistic legislation has led to in Australia. This Essay should serve to open the eyes of many who have not tested their theories by the standard of facts. The work may briefly be described as a sort of anti-Socialistic *Lux Mundi*.

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**A RIDE THROUGH ASIA MINOR AND THE DISTURBED DISTRICTS OF ARMENIA: GIVING A SKETCH OF THE CHARACTERS, MANNERS, AND CUSTOMS OF BOTH THE MUSSULMAN AND CHRISTIAN INHABITANTS.** By H. C. BARKLEY. (*Murray*.) Mr. Barkley's name will be familiar to many of our readers from his two works, 'Between the Danube and the Black Sea,' and 'Bulgaria before the War,' in which he described his experiences while engaged

as an engineer in constructing the Kustendji and Tchernavoda Railway. These books, which we believe met with considerable success, exhibited no little narrative skill, together with a strong vein of humour. The same qualities are discernible in the work now before us. Mr. Barkley and his brother made a wide circuit in Asia Minor, penetrating right across the Continent from Brusa to Adana in Cilicia, and returning by the Euphrates valley and Diarbekir to Trebizond. This route includes a district from which many ominous tokens of political commotions have recently come, and of which we are probably destined to hear much more in the near future, unless the Turkish Government bestir themselves in an unheard-of manner to introduce reforms and protect their own subjects. Mr. Barkley has much interesting information to give us about the habits and customs of the various races who inhabit the continent, and of the self-sacrificing American missionaries who labour among them.

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VINCIGLIATA AND MAJANO. By LEADER SCOTT. Author of 'Renaissance of Art in Italy,' 'Tuscan Sketches,' &c. (Florence: Printed by G. Barbéra, 1891.) This handsome volume, the work of a lady already known for her contributions to Italian history and literature, contains a description of the mediæval Castle of Vincigliata, near Florence, restored by Mr. Temple-Leader, and of the fine Tuscan Villa of Majano, also belonging to this gentleman, and of the numerous objects of art and antiquity which they contain. Vincigliata has long been visited by travellers and by students of the remains of the feudal era in Italy. Some forty years ago, when it was purchased by Mr. Temple-Leader, it was little more than a heap of ruins. He resolved to restore it, as far as possible, to its original state. Having first made himself thoroughly acquainted with the architecture and remains of edifices of the same period, he employed in carrying out his views a young architect of considerable skill—Signor Giuseppe Fancelli—whom he had himself educated for the work. This attempt at restoration may be said to have been completely successful. The Castle, with its towers, battlements, and crenellated walls, on a beautiful hill overhanging Florence to the north, is one of the most picturesque objects in the lovely landscape which surrounds the Tuscan capital. Having restored the Castle, Mr. Temple-Leader sought to place in it such furniture and works of art as might illustrate the period to which it belonged. The description of this ancient stronghold and of its contents has been a labour of love to Mrs. Leader-Scott. She traces back its history to some two centuries before Arnolfo commenced the Duomo and Palazzo Vecchio at Florence, to the time when the nobles of the city divided into the two factions of the "Bianche e Neri"—afterwards Guelphs and Ghibellines—were engaged in perpetual strife, and raised such strongholds on the neighbouring heights. In the fourteenth century Vincigliata was in the possession of the Visdomini, a



noble family belonging to the Guelph party. It was then stormed and sacked by Sir John Hawkwood, during the wars between Pisa and Florence, and to the great English Condottiere may probably be attributed its ruined condition in recent times. We gain from the remains of such a fortress as Vincigliata, as described by Mrs. Leader-Scott, an insight into Italian life during the most interesting and romantic period of Italian history. Of the large and varied collection of works of art—Etruscan and Roman remains, mediæval sculptures and early pictures—brought together by Mr. Temple-Leader, she has given a detailed description, and her work is illustrated with numerous views of the Castle and the Villa of Majano. We may add that the text is well printed, and does credit to the Florentine publishers.

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ESSAYS, REVIEWS, AND ADDRESSES. By DR. JAMES MARTINEAU. (*Longmans, Green & Co.*). No one who is familiar with Dr. Martineau's later works can fail to mark with interest the gradual emergence in these early essays of many of the leading ideas of his philosophy. The founding of theology upon ethics, the doctrine of an intuitive conscience as the source of moral judgments, the volitional form of the causal idea, the dread of that Pantheism which is the danger of Unitarianism, all these characteristics of Dr. Martineau's thought are to be found over and over again in this volume. His love of metaphor and somewhat over-rhetorical style are no less apparent, though these are defects which time has partly remedied. These Essays deal for the most part with the problems of half a century ago, yet their freshness and intrinsic interest is surprising. The estimate of Newman's mind and work in 'Personal Influences on Present Theology' will appeal to many as just, and the essay on Comte in a lighter vein deals many shrewd blows at the founder of Positivism. It is strange to read in 1891 of the hopes that were centred at the time of the Crimean War in a possible restoration of Poland to serve as a barrier against Russian aggression, and it is a little difficult to realize the fear lest the Southern States of the Union should extend the area of slavery in the New World. But these political essays are valuable as affording an insight into the mind of a generation now passing, though time has reversed the anticipations of their author. We shall look with interest for the further instalments of Dr. Martineau's papers.

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LETTERS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. Edited by ANNE MOZLEY. (*Longmans, Green & Co.*) It was natural that Cardinal Newman, who attached so much value to letters as to preserve almost all which he received, should have looked forward to the publication of his own correspondence and have made some provision for it. The work has been most carefully done by the

editor to whom he entrusted it; but whatever the interest of the collection may be to those personally concerned, we doubt whether it will appeal to a wider circle of readers. So very much of what is here presented to us has been already incorporated into the 'Apologia,' that to the generation who knew not Newman it reads like ancient history. Perhaps the most interesting letters are those which he exchanged with his sister, Mrs. John Mozley, on the eve of his joining the Roman Communion. With these the book comes to an end, the rest of Cardinal Newman's Correspondence being left in the charge of a member of his adopted Church.

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LETTERS FROM ROME. By the REV. T. MOZLEY. (*Longmans, Green & Co.*) It was Mr. Mozley's privilege to be sent by the *Times* to Rome as a "Special Correspondent" during the six months occupied by the sittings of the Œcumenical Council called together by Pius IX. He now republishes his letters, and they are eminently worth it, both for the interest of the subject-matter and the charm of the style. The history of the Council and its revolt against the dogma of Papal Infallibility, which it had been summoned to establish, is in the highest degree instructive to those who would find in the Roman Church that model of unity and strength which seems to have vanished amidst Protestant divisions. We commend these volumes to all who wish to be enlightened upon the various methods whereby unanimity may be secured, and we can assure them that their search after truth will be enlivened by much pleasant gossip and discourse upon men and manners by the way.

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LATER LEAVES. By MONTAGU WILLIAMS, Q.C. (*Macmillan*.) The success of Mr. Montagu Williams' earlier volumes has led to the issue of these 'Later Leaves.' Partly they are a mere continuation of his experiences both in his practising days and as a police magistrate. Partly, however, they are concerned with some of those social problems connected with the life of the poor at the East-end. Mr. Montagu Williams is an admirable *raconteur*, and the interesting stories he has to tell lose none of their point in his skilful hands. But the more important part of his work is contained in his final chapters, where he relates his inspection of some of the slums and his own views as to the best way of dealing with the landlords of these unsavoury localities. It is noticeable that Mr. Williams is no friend of "General" Booth's schemes for redeeming the "submerged tenth."

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TRENTE ANS DE PARIS. ALPHONSE DAUDET. (*Collection Artistique Guillaume*.) The title of this book, combined with the author's name, must of itself claim interest. There is nothing that this age demands more eagerly than personal gossip about the people who have

won fame in any line. The *why*, the *how*, and the *wherefore* of an author's life and method of work is almost more interesting to the public than the works themselves. How far this taste should be gratified is a question of ethics. When an author of M. Daudet's genius takes the public into his confidence, our only feeling is one of gratitude for a very fascinating volume of reminiscences, portraits, episodes, and pictures. This is not a book of confessions, still less is it a consecutive autobiography. With the instincts of a true artist, M. Daudet is more concerned to give us finished pictures of certain scenes and events in his life than a bird's-eye view of the whole. Thus the siege of Paris is merely alluded to incidentally, while every detail of the boy's first arrival in Paris stands out sharply defined in black and white. So with the portraits of the men and women who crossed his path during these thirty years. Some are portrayed with a word or phrase, over others the artist lingers after the manner of his kind, dwelling on some especially humorous or pathetic trait, enlarging certain details and drawing out salient points. A book of personal reminiscences is of necessity egotistic, but Mr. Daudet's egotism is never aggressive, and never *ennuyeux*. We might say a great deal more of this attractive book, but perhaps the best that we can say of it here is to advise all who have not already read it, to do so at once.

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**WALKS NEAR EDINBURGH.** By MARGARET WARRENDEP. (*David Douglas*.) This unpretentious little volume has a more far-reaching interest than its name would imply. The motto of the title-page, "Haud fast by the past," gives the key-note to the contents of the volume, in which much interesting antiquarian matter is collected and discussed in an easy pleasant manner. The neighbourhood of an old historic town is a rich store-house of legends and traditions, of romantic memories and graver historical associations. But with the ever-growing requirements of the present, there is an ever-increasing tendency to encroach on the past. Old walls and houses are pulled down, and new streets and villas rise in their places. What we gain in accommodation we sacrifice in picturesqueness, in poetry, in patriotism even, for many of the legends and stories connected with these old places are bound up with the heroic deeds and chivalrous daring of our race. To Miss Warrender it has been a grateful task to collect these recollections of a past day, and to recount them to the present generation in a lively, interesting manner. The book does not lay claim to any great critical or archæological interest, but it is full of pleasant historical and antiquarian gossip. It is well illustrated by the authoress.

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**TWO PENNILESS PRINCESSES.** By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. (*Macmillan & Co.*) We are always glad to welcome a story from Miss

Yonge's prolific pen, but we do not think that in the present instance she has risen to her usual level of excellence. Some of the characters introduced are old friends with whom 'The Caged Lion' has made us familiar; but 'Two Penniless Princesses' lacks the spirit and interest which characterized the earlier story. Perhaps this is partly due to the very broad Scotch which is the usual medium of conversation, and which seems to us broader than might be expected from Princesses even in the fifteenth century. We might mention that the Princesses in question are the orphan daughters of the ill-fated James I. of Scotland, whose journey to the Court of Henry VI. of England, and thence to the Provençal home of his wife, affords an opportunity for the introduction of a variety of historical characters.

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THE CHRIST THAT IS TO BE. (*Chapman & Hall*). This is a strange and somewhat daring romance, the scene of which is laid in the year 2100. The supposed author, one Trent Farthing, who here records the history of future years, is a Librarian in the Guild of Workers in Wood. At the period at which he writes, England has of course lost her commercial supremacy, Socialism has destroyed the wealth of the land, and London presents but a very shrunken image of its former self. A similar decay has overtaken most of the nations of the Continent, and the power that is dreaded is China, which has already absorbed all the East and is slowly threatening the West. The interest of the book lies in the appearance of one Alpha, who is the future Christ. His struggles to convert the world to a belief in his Divinity, his sufferings, the wonders of which he is the author, and his final disappearance, are treated with a vigorous touch which, if somewhat bold, is not irreverent. The exact value, however, of such romances as these, except as a pure exercise of fancy, is somewhat hard to see.

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FANTASY. By MATHILDE SERAO. (*Heinemann*.) The Italian authoress, whose *chef-d'œuvre* is here translated for an English public, is probably better known in her own country than elsewhere. She obviously belongs to the school of realism or naturalism, and is content with those small canvases in which the American novel-writer delights. "Fantasy" is a tale which only concerns the fortunes of four people whose domestic and connubial relations have been unfortunately commingled. The treatment throughout, however, is very strong and good, and although the tale can hardly be described as a pleasant one, the earlier scenes of convent life are described by a master hand.

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MADemoiselle IXE. By LANOE FALCONER. (*The Pseudonym Library. T. Fisher Unwin*.) The author or authoress has had the advantage of having this novelette favourably mentioned by Mr. Glad-

stone. Apart, however, from such recommendation, it can stand on its own merits as a clever little study of a country home into which is introduced a governess who gives her name to the story. The contrast of character between the interesting stranger and the inmates of the rectory, where for the time she is residing, afford ample opportunity for dramatic scenes. The governess turns out to be a Nihilist in disguise who is bent on the destruction of a Russian magnate. Hence it will not be surprising to our readers to learn that a catastrophe occurs which not only destroys the peacefulness of this quiet neighbourhood, but ultimately sends the enterprising governess to a Russian prison.

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**THE STORY OF MEXICO.** By SUSAN HALE. (*T. Fisher Unwin.*) The romantic story of Mexico might have been expected to prove more interesting than it has been made in this volume, which falls rather below the level of this generally excellent series. The writer seems to have been afraid of being charged with making myth into history, and tells us very little of the centuries before the Spanish Conquest. She hints repeatedly at different views respecting the Mayas, the Aztecs, and other native races without anywhere fully discussing them, and altogether this part of her work is disappointing. On the last two centuries she is at her best, her account of the war with the United States being especially clear and vivid. The style of the book leaves something to be desired.

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**GEOGRAPHY OF CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.** By the REV. W. P. GRESWELL. (*Clarendon Press.*) This is a companion volume to the author's 'History of the Dominion of Canada.' It is well arranged, furnished with good maps and an excellent index. It gives much valuable information about the North-West Provinces which intending emigrants would do well to study.

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**THISTLEDOWN.** By ROBERT FORD. (*Alexander Gardner.*) This "book of Scotch humour" is heavier reading than its title would have led us to expect, and we rather suspect that it would require a dogged perseverance not common on this side the Tweed to wade through the three hundred pages of uninviting-looking type here presented to us. Many of the stories are in themselves excellent, but there are twice too many of them, and a good many of the best are already familiar to us in the pages of Dean Ramsay. However, they will serve as a mine to the professional diner-out if he can master the true pronunciation, and may even wile away an occasional half-hour for the general reader.

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**DRAKE.** By JULIAN CORBETT. (*Macmillan & Co.*) It is a thankless task to tell again the thrice-told tale of the Armada; but we



think that Mr. Corbett would have been more successful had he been content to be less rhetorical. The biographer of Francis Drake must perforce deal with much that is already familiar to the readers of 'Westward Ho,' and the adoption of a somewhat fervid style of narrative, suggesting as it does an unfavourable comparison with Mr. Kingsley's delightful story, seems to us a mistake. But, style apart, we have a clear account of the ceaseless struggle for the mastery of the seas in which Drake's life was spent, though as a study of character Mr. Corbett's sketch seems to us somewhat inadequate.

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POEMS. By NINA F. LAYARD. (*Longmans, Green & Co.*)

POEMS, BALLADS, AND BUCOLICS. By H. D. RAWNSLEY. (*Macmillan & Co.*) We received these two volumes together, and therefore treat them together, but they are of very unequal merit. Miss Layard has genuine poetic feeling, and a certain power of personification which raises her poems above the level of magazine verse. A good instance of the way in which she realizes her images is to be found in 'A Rain Sonnet;' whilst the poems 'Night' and 'Day' show her quick sympathy with varying moods. Mr. Rawnsley, on the contrary, deals mainly with the commonplace, and the admiration for heroic deeds which he expresses in these ballads would have found in prose an equally appropriate expression. The "bucolics" are more successful, though the spelling of the dialect is a little variable, and does not to a Lincolnshire ear seem to give quite the true sound. The best of them to our mind is 'A Farmyard Soliloquy,' which has caught the spirit as well as the speech of the Lincolnshire folk.

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AN HONOURABLE ESTATE. By LOUISA CROW. (*Chapman & Hall.*) This is a first novel. We know it from internal evidence, and merely turn to the title-page for confirmation, not information. Before the authoress makes a second attempt we should advise her to pay special attention to the choice and construction of a plot. Some improbabilities are allowable, but not a series of glaring absurdities such as attend Ralph Brenthurst's attempt to recover his rightful inheritance from the grasp of a wicked uncle. There is an innocent and beautiful trustfulness on the part of the injured nephew, combined with an absolute ignorance of legal formalities, rare, we fancy, in an educated workman. Nor do we think that many young ladies possessed of such a large share of common sense as Percée is credited with, would go through the form of marriage in the place of an unwilling bride, and yet be surprised to find themselves legally bound.